

To be a Race to the Pole.

Next summer will witness the entry of two expeditions into the Arctic zone and the goal of each will be the North Pole. In one Norway and Italy, the north of Europe and the south, join forces in a great endeavor to plant their flags side by side on the spot so many have sought and so many have died vainly attempting to reach. The Duke of the Abruzzi, a prince of the House of Savoy, fresh from one successful journey into Arctic desolation, and Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian who next to him has penetrated farthest into the frozen north, will lead, all Italy and Scandinavia cheering them on. In the other party an American explorer, comparatively unknown, backed by an American private citizen, will set out resolved that if human daring and skill can accomplish it the Stars and Stripes shall be unfurled first of all the nations' flags where none has flown yet. It is to be a race to the Pole, a friendly race the American says, but none the less determined for that.

"I believe that the North Pole can be discovered," says the American who backs the enterprise, "and if money and the right men for the work can succeed it shall be reached and the first flag to be planted there shall be the Stars and Stripes."

"I am convinced that the Pole can be reached," says the American who will undertake the risk, "and I think I know how to get there. I'll do all that mortal man can do to take the flag there and I believe I will succeed."

Next year he will make his attempt and Nansen and the Duke of the Abruzzi will make theirs. Neither party is telling the world much about its plans, but each has a clearly defined scheme of its own which will be followed, and in the preparation for the task neither money nor hard work is being spared on either side.

The Sun first told, more than a week ago, that Evelyn B. Baldwin, who once was in the Arctic with Peary, was to lead the newest planned American expedition to the North Pole and William Ziegler, the New Yorker who has made millions in business ventures in a dozen directions and has never yet been bested in anything he undertook, was to finance the enterprise. They have not sought publicity as this stage of the plans for the journey and neither is anxious to talk yet about what it is expected to do and how it is to be managed, but the work of preparing for the expedition is going steadily on and when the time comes nothing that forethought and money can provide will be wanting to ensure success.

Mr. Baldwin has a plan which he has spent years in maturing to reach the Pole. He has revealed this plan to three capitalists, and each of the three has been willing to back him. Mr. Ziegler's backing was accepted. It will be simply sufficient, Mr. Baldwin says. Mr. Ziegler says that he is prepared as a patriotic American to spend \$1,000,000 and more, if necessary, to place the flag post on the North Pole, and he believes that Baldwin, carrying out his plan, can take it there. What that plan is Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ziegler both decline to tell at present. It is a survey of Mr. Baldwin's career may give a hint here it is:

He was born in the camp of the Illinois Regulars at Springfield, Mo., and he is now 38 and unmarried. His father was a captain in the regiment and later was lieutenant-colonel of the English Missouri Cavalry. Young Baldwin was graduated from the Northwestern College at Naperville, Mo. He had as classmates J. A. and M. T. Snyder, now known as the banana kings of Columbia. At 22 Baldwin tramped through Europe, earning his expenses as he went. He studied meteorology and for a time was connected with the Weather Bureau at Washington and various stations in the south and west. Meteorology led his fancy to Arctic exploration, and in 1893 he volunteered to accompany the second Peary expedition and was accepted. He went with the party as meteorologist, and therefore studied especially atmospheric conditions in the Arctic. The expedition got as far north as the great ice cap on the head of the Humboldt glacier in Greenland, traveling along the backbone of Greenland at a greater altitude by a mile or more than any other expedition, and it reached latitude 80.

The party were in the Arctic from June, 1893, to October 1894, so that throughout an entire Arctic season the young explorer had particular opportunities to observe atmospheric conditions at a high altitude. He returned with Lieut. Peary at the end

of 1894. Three years later he hurried to Spitzbergen in the hope of accompanying the ill-fated Andree on his balloon voyage to the Pole. There was no room in the car, which carried away Andree and his two companions into the unknown, and he returned disappointed. The next year he accompanied the Wellman expedition to Franz Josef Land. He returned with his own plan for finding the North Pole.

It happened early this year and only a few months after his return that he accepted an invitation from his old classmate, the Snyders, to visit their plantation in Columbia with them. On the trip he told of his polar plan. The Snyders thought well of it and offered to fit out an expedition for him, but they discussed the plan first with their cousin, William Ziegler, while on a visit to him in this city. Mr. Ziegler heard the project, considered it, sent for Baldwin, and heard him, and then announced that he would finance the expedition. If there was to be one, himself. Baldwin joyfully accepted and that is how it happens that a New York business man is to be responsible for an expedition to the Pole, pledged to get there before any Italian or Norwegian.

Nansen's last plan to reach the pole was to drift northward with the ice over or past it and back to open water and civilization. He was stopped at latitude 86 14, the highest point attained since the Greeley expedition 1881-84, which had to return from latitude 83 24. Abruzzi, in his last journey, followed the method of older explorers, to drift northward till frozen in and then sled it as far north as possible. He reached the highest point yet attained, latitude 86-33. Andree, whose friends have now abandoned hope of ever seeing him again, went northward by balloon from Spitzbergen three years ago last July. Probably no other man who advocated an apparently chimerical theory ever received more attention and respect in advancing it than Andree. He supported his scheme of polar ballooning with so many scientific facts and his own attainments in science were so creditable that not one of the international congresses and European learned societies which heard him could utterly condemn his plan for reaching the Pole after they had studied his reasons for believing it feasible. Mr. Baldwin grows enthusiastic when he speaks of Andree

"Andree's theory was all right," he said, in conversation a few days ago. "He was no mere ascensionist. He was a navigator and had made a number of previous voyages successfully. I volunteered to go with him, but I was disappointed. Perhaps it is as well, for I fear now that he and his companions are dead. I don't believe, though, that they perished in the way many people suppose. I believe that they descended all right. But they were only three men, and I fear that in making their way back over the broken ice the end came. They may have been carried away in the ice and starved to death. But the North Pole can be reached."

The Baldwin expedition, as it may be called, will probably be the largest ever sent into the Arctic. While no one but the promoters yet know how many persons will comprise it the number is likely to be little short of forty, and may be larger. None has yet been chosen, but the expedition will be manned chiefly by men who have had experience in the Arctic. Included will be experts in geographical charting, geology, botany, and meteorology. Mr. Baldwin says that he, himself, will pay special attention to the upper currents of air. Dogs and sledges will be taken. Whether a balloon will be also used none has learned. Two steamships will be used. It will not be necessary to build them as there are steam whalers to be bought or chartered, which properly strengthened and fitted up, in Mr. Baldwin's opinion, will serve the purpose of Arctic exploration just as well as the Fram, Dr. Nansen's specially designed vessel. Provisions for five years will be carried.

As to the route to be followed Mr. Baldwin says he will avail himself of the latest information. Peary and Sverdrup are both still in the Arctic. Peary has been away two years. He has not been heard from since September, 1899, when some members of his party returned and his steamer, the Windward, has now gone to find him. While neither Peary nor Sverdrup is expected this fall, either explorer may come out any day with the ice along the coast of Greenland with information which would materially modify or wholly change the plans of the newer adventurers.

The Duke of the Abruzzi's last expedition cost \$500,000, of which the late King

Humbert contributed one-fourth. Unlimited means are at the disposal of Mr. Baldwin, his backer says. The only condition is that he shall reach the North Pole, or that at least the rival expedition shall not reach the Pole first. That is all that either Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Ziegler will tell about their plans now, as negotiations are now in progress which might be upset by publicity.

"All that I can say for the present," said Mr. Baldwin when he was last seen, "is that the object of this expedition will be first and foremost to get to the North Pole. Anything else accomplished will be incidental. At the same time anything that can be accomplished in another direction without affecting the main object of the expedition will be carefully considered. The men who will start will be no novices in the science of Arctic exploration. We shall have abundant supplies, the best and latest scientific apparatus, and I feel as sure as a man can be that we shall succeed."

"The greatest difficulty will be to decide who is not to go. So many good men want to go that it will be a hard matter to choose. I have applications from scores of men. They come from the highest educational institutions, from the navy, from the army and from men who have undergone hardship in many parts of the world. These are the men I want, but I shall take no one with those qualities, personalities and experience I am not well acquainted. I have put in seven years' hard work on my plan, and no care on my part will be grudged now to insure its success. And I mean to succeed."

It is about two hundred and forty-one miles from latitude 86 33, where Abruzzi's party turned back, to the Pole. Traveling over the ice at the slow rate at which progress in the Arctic is only possible a party could hardly cover that distance in less than a month. That is the nearest that human endeavor in centuries of effort has yet penetrated to the secret of the Arctic.

LOST ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

The Duke of the Abruzzi Will Go North to Try to Rescue Three of His Men.

It was announced last week that the Duke of the Abruzzi would return to Franz Joseph Land next spring in the hope that he might succeed in rescuing the three men from his expedition who were lost during his recent sojourn in that far northern land. In the brief reports of his discoveries, and of the remarkable sledge journey of one of his parties which attained the highest latitude ever reached, nothing was said of the great misfortune which befell the expedition. The facts have been made known only since the expedition returned to Italy. It will be remembered that the first sledge party which the Duke sent forth from his vessel, the Stella Polare when she was frozen in the ice in latitude 81 degrees 55 minutes, was a failure, owing to the frightful cold, the temperature falling to 52 degrees Celsius. It was late in February last when this expedition returned to the ship. On March 11 a fresh attempt was made. Ten men and many dogs started northward. After ten days' march Lieut. Gaurni of the Italian Navy, the Norwegian machinist Stoken, and the Italian Alpine guide Ulid, declined to go any further, and were sent back to the ship with the sledge and ten dogs.

They never returned to the ship and no trace of them could be found. All the other members of the party, with the ship's doctor as leader, advanced for twenty days to beyond the eighty-third parallel and returned safe and sound to the ship. It was the third expedition that later made the highest nothing.

Searching expeditions were sent out for the lost men, but all in vain. Two depots of supplies were left for them at places

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which it was thought they might reach if they were alive. After the return of the expedition to Italy an official marine inquiry was held as to the disappearance of the three men. Seven members of the expedition were examined. None, except the Duke of the Abruzzi, thought the men could possibly be alive. Dr. Cavalli, who was with the party when the unfortunate men turned back, testified that the ice was weak in many places and covered with new snow, and he believed the party had fallen in and were drowned. There was no danger, he said, of their losing their course on their way back to the ship, for they knew perfectly the route to steer. A rescue expedition would be impossible in the dark season. Other witnesses expressed their belief that the men had either succumbed to snow storms or fallen through the ice.

The Duke of the Abruzzi alone said he believed there was hope that the men had reached one of the supply stations, or, at least, had found refuge on some island where they might be able to live, as Nansen did in the same region, upon the game they killed. He at once hired another vessel, the Stella Polare being too badly used up for further Arctic work, and in the spring he will make his way with a new crew across the Barents Sea to the archipelago where he spent last winter. He will lead a forlorn hope, but he has nobly determined to undergo all the hardships necessary to ascertain whether his lost comrades are still alive in the frightful Arctic waste where they were swallowed up.

His Own Coffee-Pots.

The name of Pietermaritzburg is remembered by most people only in connection with war telegrams. There is one contributor to the Cornhill Magazine, however, whose recollections of the place are not connected with war but with a hearty laugh at the expense of a friend of hers. The writer in question, Lady Broome, says:

That morning visit to Pietermaritzburg market stands out distinctly in my memory, chiefly on account of an absurd incident I witnessed. I had been much interested and amused by looking round, not only at the strange and characteristic crowd, but at my many acquaintances marketing for themselves.

I had listened to the shouts of the various auctioneers who were selling all manner of wares, when I noticed some Kaffirs bearing on their heads large open baskets filled with coffee pots of every size and kind. There must have been something like a hundred of these pots in those baskets. The Kaffirs were just leaving an improvised auction-stand, and what interested me especially was the fact that following them closely, with an air of proud possession on his general countenance, was a beloved friend of my own, one who, I may mention was beloved by all who knew him.

"Are all those coffee-pots yours?" I inquired.

"Yes, indeed!" he answered, joyfully. "I have just bought them. You must know I am a collector of coffee-pots, and have a great many already, but I have been especially lucky in being able to pick up somebody else's collection as well, and it was cheap, too."

I noticed that the Kaffir was grinning and that there was a general air of amusement about that I could not understand. Later the point of the joke was explained to me. My friend had just bought his own collection of coffee pots.

His wife, believing that the space they occupied in her storeroom could be better employed, and expecting that that day her husband would be absent from the market, and sent the whole lot down to be sold. She told me afterward that her dismay was great when her Kaffirs brought them back in triumph, announcing that the chieftain had just bought them. The poor lady was under the necessity of paying the auctioneers fees and replacing the coffee-pots on her shelves with what resignation she could command.

Mastodons in Death Valley.

The bones of these mastodons have been discovered in Death Valley, California, and their discoverer, a miner, has taken out a claim for excavating them. Another indication of the popular appreciation of the money value of the remains of prehistoric animals is the fact that a mining claim has been filed in southern California to cover the excavation of a fossil whale on the Phocena epoch.

His Showcase Travels.

An odd means of drawing attention to his goods has been adopted by a woman's tailor whose shop is in a downtown business street where women rarely go to buy clothing. He has had mounted on a truck huge show case with plate glass windows behind which specimens of his work in the sartorial line are displayed. Three horses driven at a general pace, draw it through the streets where women do shop and half

dozen bells strung about the thing draw attention to it. Of course the address and accomplishments of the tailor are prominently displayed on all sides of the vehicle. Cabmen and truck drivers in a hurry swear at the cumbersome truck and the slow pace at which it moves, but many people on the sidewalks say, "That's a smart man!" and take a second glance at the display behind the glass.

A Geographical Error.

A lit lake in Central Africa, discovered by Livingstone in his great journey across the continent in 1835-65, has attracted much attention on account of the curious statement which the explorer made about it. The lake is situated on a plain that is nearly flat. Livingstone said the lake was directly on the water parting between the Zambesi and the Kasai river, which is now known to be the largest southern tributary of the Congo. In other words, he said the lake was so exactly balanced between the two river systems that from one side flowed a stream which joined the Kasai while from the opposite side emerged a stream which joined the Zambesi. All maps therefore, for nearly half a century, have represented a water communication passing through Lake Dilolo and joining the Kasai on the north and the Zambesi on the south.



Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone are water and sunshine necessary to the health of the plant. Their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than a half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Pleasant Pellets," says Mrs. Maria G. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C., "six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Pleasant Pellets and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicine. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much to *thanks*, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."

NOTHING IS SURER

Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips, for of her it is expected that she shall be ready to do something in any emergency in the home. When that question refers to health, sickness or disease, the answer will be found in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work contains 1008 large pages, and is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 cent stamps for the book bound in paper or 50 stamps for the volume in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERONES.

The St. Louis Musical festival attempted on an immense scale collapsed through lack of funds.

Harold Bauer, the French pianist, who will make a tour of the United States, sails for America next week.

Emeralda, a grand opera in four acts by Arthur Goring Thomas, received its first American presentation on Monday of this week.

Charles L. Young who last season managed Mme. Emma Nevada's concert tour through America has just returned from abroad where he gave a series of American concerts at the Paris Exposition.

Mr. Bertrand Harrison of this city, has entered a Frohman school of acting for a two years course of study after which he will adopt the stage as a profession.

Arrah-na-Pogue is being given a revival at the Boston Castle Square.

"Le Poigne" by Jean Jullien has made a hit in Paris. It is described as a social satire.

Forbes Robertson, the actor and manager, will shortly marry Gertrude Elliott, the American actress.

E. H. Sothern has so far recovered from his recent accident in Hamlet as to resume his tour on Nov. 12.

Stuart Robson is visiting San Francisco after an absence of four years and is receiving a hearty welcome.

William A. Brady has accepted a new play by Clyde Titch, which is likely to be produced in the early spring.

The members of the French Dramatic Company headed by Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin, have sailed for America.

Sarah Bernhardt is a grandmother and most devoted to her two little granddaughters. In turn the latter idolize their famous relative.

A new comedy by Mrs. Craigie called "The Wisdom of the Wise," and of the same quality as the Ambassador, is shortly to be produced in London.

Wadsworth Harris very well known in this city and who for several years has been with Modjeska, is a member of the Quo Vadis company now playing at the Boston theatre.

The new romantic Irish drama which Pitou has written for Chauncey Olcott will be given a few preliminary out of town performances before it is produced in New York on January 7.

A dramatic version of "The Fox Woman," a novel by Mr. John Luther Long, the author of the story from which Madame Butterfly was dramatized, may be produced shortly in London.

It is said that Walter E. Perkins has been so successful in "The Man from Mexico" that his production of Mary E. Wilkins Novel—"Jerome; A Poor Man," has been deferred for a couple of months.

Preparations are underway for an early American production of A Brixton Burglary. This comedy enjoyed a most prosperous run in London and is to be imported in its entirety—actors, wardrobe and scenery.

William Yardley, who died recently in England, was well known in America as a dramatist and journalist. He wrote parts of "Little Jack Sheppard" and "Very Little Hamlet" and many other pieces of a light comic character.

The stage debut of Miss Margaret Fuller, niece of Chief Justice Fuller of the United States Supreme Court was an event which made the first production of "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac" recently doubly interesting to society people of Washington, D. C.

One of the new plays at the Paris Theatre Francaise, during the winter will be "Le Marquis de Priola" in prose and four acts by Henri de Lavedan. It treats of modern life and manners, and will be found like most of de Lavedan's plays, impossible in English.

"Zephra" under the auspices of the R. K. Y. club. The members of that organization promise an entertainment of unusual merit, and they will assist the Zephra management in every possible way, by services in transforming the theatre into a place of beauty.

The following have been printed as the ages of some famous theatrical people: Frank Burnand, 65; W. S. Gilbert, 64; Charles Wyndham, 64; Henry Irving, 62; Herman Merivale, 61; Squire Bancroft, 59; Clement Scott, 59; Tom Thorne, 59—the year of his royal highness the Prince of Wales, 1841.

Louis Mann, notwithstanding the side splitting success which he and Clara Lipman are making in "All on Account of Eliza" is ambitious to try more serious work.

Modjeska was a comic opera singer before she attempted tragedy and one of Leococci's most brilliant compositions was written for her and she sang it in French, German and finally in Polish, following it with several of the greatest of Offenbach's mischievous boys and girls.

It is probable that Haddon Chambers new comedy will be produced in London in January. The play is described as a comedy with a story of sentimental interest.

Says the Boston Sunday Post—"Mr Dooley," the philosopher of "Archer" road, is going on the stage about Christmas time, having been prepared for the ordeal by the author of "Chimmie Fadden."

The Tennessee River's Great Change. Several years ago members of the Geological Survey suggested that in former times the Tennessee River, instead of joining the Ohio, as at present, flowed into the Gulf of Mexico through the channels of the Coosa and Alabama Rivers.

In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Sir Andrew Noble mentioned that in experiments with high power explosives used in guns a chronoscope had been employed which registered the velocity of the projectile at 16 successive points before it left the bore.

The Mystery of Tobacco. The commercial value of tobacco depends not upon its nicotine, but upon certain compounds, the chemical nature of which is said to be wholly unknown.

The Flight of a Great Nebula. One of the most striking features revealed by telescopes is that of the Great Nebula in Orion. In the complexity of its growing streams, spirals and strangely shaped masses, intercepted by yawning black gaps and sprinkled over with stars arranged in suggestive groups and lines, it has few rivals in the heavens.

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it. Yet this tremendous aggregation of nebulous clouds and starry swarms has been proved by the researches of the late Professor Keeler of the Lick Observatory to be flying away from the earth and the sun at the rate of 11 miles in every second!

His Attitude Toward Women. In reply to assertions made about James Russell Dowell's attitude towards women William Dean Howells in a recent paper says:

"He loved chiefly the companionship of books and of men who loved books; but for women generally he had an amusing diffidence; he revered them and honored them, but he would rather not have had them about. This is oversaying it, of course, but the truth is in what I say. There was never a more devoted husband, and he was content to let his devotion to the sex end with that. He especially could not abide difference of opinion in women; he valued their taste, their wit, their humor, but he would have none of their reason, I was by one day when he was arguing a point with one of his nieces, and after it had gone on for some time and the impartial witness must have owned that she was getting the better of him, he closed the controversy by giving her a great kiss with the words, 'You are a very good girl, my dear,' and practically putting her out of the room. As to women of the flirtatious type, he did not dislike them; no man, perhaps, does; but he feared them, and he said that with them there was but one way, and that was to run."

New Form of Phonograph. Among the exhibits at the Paris Exposition was a phonograph, invented by Valdemar Poulsen, a Danish engineer, which uses a wire-wound instead of a wax-covered cylinder.

Registering Millionths of a Second. In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Sir Andrew Noble mentioned that in experiments with high power explosives used in guns a chronoscope had been employed which registered the velocity of the projectile at 16 successive points before it left the bore.

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it. Yet this tremendous aggregation of nebulous clouds and starry swarms has been proved by the researches of the late Professor Keeler of the Lick Observatory to be flying away from the earth and the sun at the rate of 11 miles in every second!

His Attitude Toward Women. In reply to assertions made about James Russell Dowell's attitude towards women William Dean Howells in a recent paper says:

"He loved chiefly the companionship of books and of men who loved books; but for women generally he had an amusing diffidence; he revered them and honored them, but he would rather not have had them about. This is oversaying it, of course, but the truth is in what I say. There was never a more devoted husband, and he was content to let his devotion to the sex end with that. He especially could not abide difference of opinion in women; he valued their taste, their wit, their humor, but he would have none of their reason, I was by one day when he was arguing a point with one of his nieces, and after it had gone on for some time and the impartial witness must have owned that she was getting the better of him, he closed the controversy by giving her a great kiss with the words, 'You are a very good girl, my dear,' and practically putting her out of the room. As to women of the flirtatious type, he did not dislike them; no man, perhaps, does; but he feared them, and he said that with them there was but one way, and that was to run."

New Form of Phonograph. Among the exhibits at the Paris Exposition was a phonograph, invented by Valdemar Poulsen, a Danish engineer, which uses a wire-wound instead of a wax-covered cylinder.

Registering Millionths of a Second. In a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Sir Andrew Noble mentioned that in experiments with high power explosives used in guns a chronoscope had been employed which registered the velocity of the projectile at 16 successive points before it left the bore.

The Mystery of Tobacco. The commercial value of tobacco depends not upon its nicotine, but upon certain compounds, the chemical nature of which is said to be wholly unknown.

The Flight of a Great Nebula. One of the most striking features revealed by telescopes is that of the Great Nebula in Orion. In the complexity of its growing streams, spirals and strangely shaped masses, intercepted by yawning black gaps and sprinkled over with stars arranged in suggestive groups and lines, it has few rivals in the heavens.

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A Delicious Tubbing and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert." BABY'S OWN SOAP and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

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EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday the seventeenth day of November next, at twelve of the clock noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in Prince William Street in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, pursuant to the direction of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the thirty first day of August last past, in a cause therein pending wherein Margaret Ann Harnard is plaintiff and Eliza McKay, Thomas H. Somerville and Stephen P. Taylor are defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said cause and in the said Decreeal Order as follows, that is to say:—

ALL that lot or parcel of land situated lying and being in Duke's Ward in the said City being the North half of lot twenty one (21) owned by the said Trustees of Saint Andrew's Church, fronting on Sydney Street formerly included in a lease to one Edwin N. S. Stewart and by him assigned to the said Eliza McKay who is now in possession of the same and which Northern part or half of lot number Twenty one is bounded and described as follows:—

Beginning at the Northwesterly corner or angle of said lot twenty one, the corner running Southerly along the Eastern line of Sydney Street twenty one feet, thence Easterly parallel to the Northernly side line of said lot twenty one to the Easterly boundary of the said lot, thence Northernly along the Eastern boundary twenty one feet to the Northwesterly corner of the same lot and thence Westerly along the Northern boundary of the same lot to the place of beginning; together with all buildings, erections and improvements, easements, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging and the said Indenture of Lease and all benefit and advantage to be had or derived therefrom.

For terms of sale and further particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated the seventh day of September, A. D. 1900.

E. H. McALPINE, Referee in Equity.

G. C. COSTER, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

a bells strung about the thing draw attention to it. Of course the address accomplishments of the tailor are prominently displayed on all sides of the... Cabmen and truck drivers in a... swear at the cumbersome truck and... low pace at which it moves, but many... on the sidewalks say, "That's a... man!" and take a second glance at... display behind the glass.

Geographical Error.

It is lake in Central Africa, discovered by Livingstone in his great journey... the continent in 1835-65, has attracted much attention on account of the... statement which the explorer... about it. The lake is situated on a... that is nearly flat. Livingstone said... was directly on the water parting... between the Zambesi and the Kasai river.

It is now known to be the largest... tributary of the Congo. In other... he said the lake was so exactly bal... between the two river systems that... one side flowed a stream which joined... Kasai while from the opposite side... a stream which joined the Zambesi.

All maps therefore, for nearly half... have represented a water course... passing through Lake Dilolo... joining the Kasai on the north and the... Zambesi on the south.



Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening women to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again in the frail flower, which languishes when... and is so easily destroyed. It is pretty simile and almost as perfect as...

women love flowers, and every woman grows them knows that their health... and sunshine necessary to the health... Their leaves and roots must be... by the flower's beauty and undermine...

THE GREAT SECRET woman's preservation of her beauty... in the intelligent care of the womanly... So close is the relation between... health of the delicate womanly organs... the health of the whole body that... never the feminine functions are de... or disturbed the consequences are... by every nerve in the body. Severe... ache, headache, pain in the side, and... ing-down pains are borne with by... thousands of women that one who is... und health is a rare exception. Most... on would give anything to know how... cured. The way is very plain. Fol... the path made by more than a half a... on women who have been perfectly... of womanly ill and weakness.

believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Pleasant Pellets," says Maria G. Hayes, writing from Brookland, N. H. "Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and... and I suffered everything one could... from these complaints. Life was a burden... with three different physicians and... I tried several patent medicines, but... to add to the complications I suffered from... constipation. I chanced to see one of... advertisements and concluded to try the... remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pellets" and began to improve right away, and... used improving and gaining in strength. It... to express the relief, it was so great, seven... later my little daughter was born with... much trouble. I feel that I would never... been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy... and she is now two years old and I have... had to take any medicine since, so I feel... your medicine has made a lasting cure... I owe so much to (them), it would be... for me to express by word or pen... thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."

NOTHING IS SURE

in the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, women well. It regulates the periods, cures disagreeable drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, restores her vigor and physical strength, so the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor any other narcotic. For working women in the store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips, and of her it is expected that she shall be able to do something in any emergency... to the home. When that question refers to health, sickness or disease, the answer... be found in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work contains 1008 large pages, and is sent free of charge to pay expense of postage and mailing only. Send 3¢ stamp for the book bound in paper or 5¢ for the volume in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Trust Stock Company played by request the beginning of this week, "The Charity Ball, and repeated the artistic success of its first presentation two weeks ago. The company is an excellent one in every particular and are giving good performances. So far through a combination of circumstances, patriotic, political and climatic have opposed the company and the patronage has not been quite so extensive as it would have been under more favorable circumstances. The company is an evenly balanced one, and so far its productions have given a very great deal of pleasure.

Next week will witness the elaborate comic and pantomime production of...

PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 17

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

THE COAL STRIKE ENDED.

We in the Maritime Provinces have felt the inconvenience of the great coal strike and some at last have arrived at the conclusion that it has been costly as well as inconvenient. But some of the leading organs of opinion in the United States do not appear to regard the strike as unwarranted. So conservative a journal as the Youths Companion says that: The striking miners in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania secured the concessions they asked for just one month after the strike began. Business interests had suffered seriously in the districts affected, and the pinch of poverty was already felt among the miners, few of whom had savings to draw upon. There was surprisingly little violence, considering that nearly one hundred and fifty thousand men were idle. Both the authorities and the leaders of the strike deserve credit for their moderation.

Every one is glad that the strike ended before the setting in of winter, which would have intensified the misery of the mining population, and before coal had risen to a price which would have borne hardly upon the poor of the cities. Nearly everyone must be glad, also, that the miners have gone back to work with the assurance of better wages for at least six months. Conditions vary widely in the coal fields, and while some miners have made good wages, others, through interruptions in the work, have earned barely enough to keep their families alive.

War is waste, and one of the most wasteful forms of war is a labor war. It seems a pity that it is practicable to pay the anthracite miners ten per cent. more wages than they were receiving, the fact could not have been ascertained without a month's strike. Perhaps it may some time be practicable to institute in the anthracite regions some such plan as that which is working well in the bituminous coal fields of Illinois. There the coal operators have formed an association, which appoints a permanent commission to represent it in any questions with the miners.

When grievances arise, this commissioner considers them with the officials of the United Mine Workers' Union. During the last four or five months more than fifty disputes each of which might have led to a strike, have been adjusted in this way, to the satisfaction of all concerned, the men remaining at work while the negotiations went on. Regarded from even the lowest point of view, such a process is cheaper than strikes and lock outs.

MEN WITH LARGE SALARIES.

Large salaries have never been very noticeable in Canada yet we hear of some officials in Sydney who are in receipt of incomes that are very enticing. The manager of great banking corporations do not get more than these experts. It is interesting in the connection to note what a correspondent writing about the iron industry of the Northwest says concerning the salaries paid by the great mining companies. He tells of one man who began life as an office boy of the corporation that now pays him twenty thousand dollars a year; of another who receives thirty-five thousand dollars, and of many whose salaries range from five to fifteen thousand dollars.

The company that employs the man who earns thirty-five thousand dollars produces annually six million tons of ore. An improvement that saves even a cent a ton

makes a vast difference in its profits. The high-salaried man has suggested several such improvements. All these richly rewarded managers and agents are able to initiate as well as to direct and execute.

The present organization to industry tends toward specialization. An old-time shoemaker would be lost in one of our modern factories where a shoe passes through forty four different hands. Perhaps few of the employes could make a shoe unaided, as he could; but in his own line of work a laster, a stitcher, or any one of the forty four could beat the old shoemaker "to a standstill."

Yet a "specialist" in any industry is unable to grow narrow and get into a rut. It is important to note that the high-salaried ironmasters of whom we have spoken are men who stopped short of this danger-point and broadened out. The fact that a certain thing had always been done in a certain way did not prove to them that that was the best way, and they earned their salaries by finding a better.

When the young man at a machine grows dissatisfied with his wages, the thing for him to do is not to strike but to study. If he has the capacity to understand and improve upon the process that go to the completion of any manufactured product, it is in his own power to rise to a plane where he can call the rich mine manager brother.

The falling of the elevator is perhaps not the only danger associated with life in the modern sky scraper. Some physicians, in making physical examinations for life insurance companies, think they have discovered that elevator boys and others who make many trips a day are particularly liable to heart disease and premature degeneration of the arteries. They do not know whether this is due to changes in atmospheric pressure in passing from basement to roof and down again, to the disturbances caused by the sudden starts and stops and the rapid descent, or to some yet unsuspected cause.

The league against seasickness is a new French organization which publishes a serious periodical, the Journal du Mal de Mer, largely composed of infallible prescriptions against seasickness. Everybody knows such recipes. People who do not go to sea find them very effective, and as a rule they are entertaining. But the French journal ought also to print some fiction with a less transparent plot and a more agreeable climax.

The sober judgement of a humorist may sometimes be more impressive than the philosophy of an ethical teacher, as when MARK TWAIN remarks that "Honor is a harder master than the law. It cannot compromise for less than one hundred cents on the dollar, and its debts never outlaw."

The Largest of Diamonds.

No single object exhibited at the Paris exposition ever remotely approaches in value the gleaming "Jubilee" diamond, as it has been called in commemoration of the jubilee of the reign of the queen of England. It is a diamond of the first and of a beauty and size that leave anything known heretofore far behind.

This largest and most costly of all diamonds weighs in its present shape 239 carats, while the next largest, the "Orloff," crowning the Russian imperial sceptre, weighs but 194½ carats. Also as regards whiteness and fire, as well as in the wonderful perfection of its cut, the "Jubilee" excels all its rivals.

For the time being this Goliath among precious stones is still owned by a syndicate of capitalists connected with the Jagersfontein mine, in which it was found. With regard to the price one can hardly speak about that until the stone has been sold, an event which is doubtless not going to take place in a hurry, for the guard stationed by the showcase containing the sparkling gem gives its value at 8,000,000 francs, whether correctly or not is hard to say.

Only one thing seems assured, namely, that the stone shown to the admiring crowds in the palace on the Esplanade des Invalides is paste, while its original is kept somewhere in secure custody.

This gem was found on June 30, 1893, at Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State. The stone was picked up by a native while he was loading a truck, and although a white overseer was standing near him he managed to secure it, and kept it on his person for some time.

In this case, however, it did not appear that he proposed stealing the gem, but only wished to deliver it personally to the manager. This he did, and as a bonus he received £150 and a horse, saddle and bridle. The diamond weighed in the rough exactly 971¾ carats, or about 7 1-10 ounces avoirdupois.

Unfortunately it had a black spot about the middle, but it was so placed as to allow the stone being cut into two, with the spot falling out.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Volunteer at Home.

I was a soldier; a volunteer,
Not long at the call I slept;
And mother of all on earth most dear,
Stood at the gate and wept.
Her face was first in my heart by day,
It was with me in every fight;
It soothed my soul in her loving way,
And earned my rest at night.

I laid my hand on my rifle,
And said when I fell into line;
The loss of a life is a trial,
Especially one like mine.
It is little my country knows me,
And little the world cares;
But the law of obedience shows me,
The worth of a Mother's prayers.

For what that same mother taught me,
Was what I carried away;
That one with His Life who bought me,
Like Him I must learn to obey,
Her prayers it was ever that blest me,
To the fire line when we came;
O! I laid on the earth to rest me,
It was mother and me the same.

A shot from the foe and bleeding,
Crim on and burning best;
And the wound on the good unheeding
I fall at our Chief's feet;
In the Hospital too ever fading,
In the anguish a soldier's state;
There's a presence my spirit reminding,
At home I am in their prayers.

What were we before we departed?
Who cared for us then in the town?
Tollers kept down and hall heeded,
What right had we then to know?
But when the great soul of the nation,
Came down to our struggles and fears;
We rose to the warrior's station,
Within us acknowledged in tears.

Dreaming to music and cheering—
For Canada's honor; 'twas then,
When the dear bears at home we were nearing,
We felt we were treated like men,
From the Queen to the mothers who bore us,
With welcomes from such a vast throng;
We were all in the glory before us,
Defenders of right against wrong.

What honors our meadow but hearing
The shouts of the good and the great,
The pathway of servitude clearing,
Proclaiming our worth to the state?
Not a soul of us then when they cheered us,
But again would be willing to die;
For the land of which trials endeared us,
The fairest beneath the blue sky.

An heir to the crown most deserving,
Why fought with the boys of the line:
To sleep where with us he was serving,
In death was the last conquer sign.
Last night he died, while others slept,
And like the heroes' around him,
A Prince with the helmet and spear;
A grave where the bugle call found him,
The child of a found mother's prayers.

CYRUS G. LOR.

Two Lives.

The fog is closing in. The gray cold night
Sees a man standing from out the West.
The sea is still and luring dark. The ship
Has tried its restless wings away to rest.
Last night he lived, he laughed, he spoke, he
loved—

His lips pressed hot against my quivering cheek—
Last night he died, while others slept. The sea
Would tell the rest if it could only speak
Silt at was I. For why? No one has known—
No one shall ever know of that great love,
Borne in the long-dead years, cherished by night,
I was a slave-girl in the decks above;
He, whom my heart held, rowed with other slaves,
Chained by the wrist and ankle to his task,
Oft from the Prince I stole and sought him out
To hold him and to love him—'Tis a mask
To women such as I. There's something more
That breathes not—'t is—something of the sea
And wind, and sky, and hills—that by and by
Will take me to my love, bring him to me.
I was enough to see him night by night
To steal along from deck to deck, and creep
O'er crowded thwarts, and—sneak—face his eyes,
We smiled and understood. The Prince asleep
Could miss me not.

And O, the moaning life—
The life of Hell below the decks, the whip
Weighted with lead, the knife's less cruel thrust—
And afterward the silence, and the slip
Of naked bodies, into hungry seas.
"Wait," said I, "wait until we are in Rome,
And then—ah then, my love, the shackles loosed,
The hills, the hidden hills shall mark our home,
I waited late last night and laughed and sang,
And smoothed the Prince's heavy eyes to sleep,
Then stole away, and on the gunwale sprang
Up to the galley's bow, my watch to keep.
All day I heard the whip.—Yet could I know?
I saw him bent and torn and racked with pain—
His giant shoulders—God had he but lived
To see, to smile into my eyes again,
Else had he died ten deaths. I crept between
The rows of straining arms. Glad was I then
To be so slight and small, with naked feet
To glide, unnoticed, swift among the men
Whose eyes, unseeing, looked, whose tongues were
mute.

Whose feelings dead had been forgotten years,
Only my love was living this I knew
Seeing his yearning eyes laugh through their tears,
Wound I my arms about him. Stretched his
wounds
With silken veil and trailing curls of lace,
Lifted his hands from oars to which they grew
To hold me close, and then up to his face
I raised my own and knew of love and God
And there was night but God, no ship no sea;
Only my love and I and God. Not three
But one with Him in one Eternity.
And after that I woke to moans and groans,
Aid blows and cursing deep. The whip fell fast
My love was dead, close to my breast, my arms,
My dripping hair his gleaming winding sheet,
And then I laughed—He died before they came,
Died in the strength and love of that career,
No pain he felt—knew only God; and I
Was madly happy in my loneliness.

.....
'Tis night; and now I think I see again
The waters break, the ripples wider grow
About the place that folded over him.
The sails are still. The ship is moving slow
Beneath the waves are singing and their chains
Clank to keep time, the time that never ends,
The water breaks again about his face
Up from the sea his smile a greeting sends,
There is no moon to night. Below the hills
The fog comes creeping, stealing, and beneath
The waters there is peace. For I sweet'oon
Shall part with death in life, for life in death.
Victoria, B. C., 1900.

—By N. De Smet and Legria.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

AUTOMOBILES IN VARIETY.

The One That, at the Moment, Attracts the Most Eyes in the Street.

Since the introduction of motor vehicles there never was a time before when they could be seen in public in variety as now, anybody walking along the streets most frequented by the private automobilist, such as Fifth Avenue, Central Park West, upper Broadway, or Riverside Drive, would meet in an afternoon automobiles of a dozen varieties. And this of course doesn't begin to include the varieties in which they are now made, as anybody may see at the Automobile Show.

But the one vehicle of all that, at present, attracts the most attention in the street is an electric ambulance, belonging to Roosevelt Hospital. This ambulance has the long-familiar clamorous gong peculiar to all ambulances; but without a horse the appearance of the vehicle itself from which this familiar sound comes is decidedly unfamiliar. It is, in fact, at the moment, the most striking automobile in town; and everybody turns to look at it when it goes rushing by.

A Geographical Error.

A little lake in Central Africa, discovered by Livingstone in his great journey across the continent in 1853-56 has attracted much attention on account of the curious statement which the explorer made about it. The lake is situated on a plain that is nearly flat. Livingstone said the lake was directly on the water parting between the Zambesi and the Kasai River which is now known as the largest southern tributary of the Congo. In other words, he said the lake was so exactly balanced between the two river systems that from one side flowed a stream which joined the Kasai while from the opposite side emerged a stream which joined the Zambesi. All maps therefore, for nearly half a century, have represented a water communication passing through Lake Dilolo and joining the Kasai on the north and the Zambesi on the South.

Capt. Charles Lemaire, of the Belgian Congo service, now says that this remarkable water connection between the lake and two distinct river systems must be expunged from the maps. Over two years ago Capt. Lemaire was commissioned to explore and determine the entire water parting between the Congo and Zambesi systems. This question was of great geographical and political interest. Much of the country had never been visited by any explorer. The water parting was established by treaty as the boundary between the territory of the Congo Free State and the British possessions and the boundary, of course could not be delimited till the exact position of the water parting was ascertained.

Capt. Lemaire has carried out his work with great thoroughness and on Sept. 3 last he reached the mouth of the Congo. He had started into the continent at the mouth of the Zambesi and he has made the twenty-third crossing of Central Africa, the first crossing having been achieved by Livingstone when he discovered Lake Dilolo.

Lemaire says that Dilolo has no connection with the Congo basin. The water parting between the two river systems passes about twenty miles to the north of the lake. A small stream on the north side of the lake contributes some water to it. The waters of the lake are sent south from its western end by a stream that falls into the Lotembwe tributary of the Zambesi and Lake Dilolo is therefore a feature of the Zambesi system.

It may be that when Livingstone was there appearances justified his belief that the lake contributed to both river systems. The country is very flat, much of it is turned into marsh in the wet season and during his visit Dilolo probably had the appearance of discharging its waters both to the north and the south. But Lemaire places Dilolo in the category of ordinary little lakes. The false impression the world has had of it for many years is only another illustration of the many blunders made by African explorers which have been rectified by later investigation.

Change to I. O. R. Train Time.

The general change in the I. O. R. time table for the winter will be made on Monday, the 26th inst. Meantime it has been decided to make the following changes which will be in effect from Sunday night next until the general change:
The night express trains Nos. 9 and 10,

between St. John and Halifax will be taken off, also the suburban trains which leave here at 5 20 a. m. and 5 45 p. m. for Hampton and which return at 7 15 and 9 50.

It has also been arranged that an accommodation train will leave St. John at 10 p. m., after the arrival of the C. P. R. from Portland, Me. This accommodation train will have a sleeper attached which will run through to Halifax. Connection will also be made at Truro for Sydney.

On the arrival at Moncton of the Maritime express for Halifax an accommodation train will leave Moncton for St. John. There will be a sleeping car attached to the train from Halifax to St. John.

An Opportunity for Reform.

Ald. White has started a move in the direction of enquiring into the conduct of officials who, from carelessness or neglect, leave the city open to actions for damages. This is a move in the right direction and will probably induce those who are inclined to be careless to act otherwise. Now that the elections are over and the alderman have greater opportunities of attending to the particular business for which they are elected there are many of these reforms which might well be started. Progress hopes to see some of them take definite shape.

The Kings County Account.

The recount in Kings county has been postponed until next Friday. There may not be anything wrong about the result, but the friends of Col. Denville are not so sure about it, so that they feel warranted in permitting the declaration to go unchallenged. The court met on Friday and was adjourned for one week. In the meantime, to much reliance should not be placed upon rumors which upon the face of them are absurd.

The Khedive's Mistake.

The young Khedive of Egypt, who recently visited Queen Victoria, charmed every one who met him by his tact and courtesy, says the Whitehall Review. His father, who also once visited the court of St. James, was a marked contrast to his son, being intensely rude and brusque in order to assert his own importance. He made it a point to be late in coming to every entertainment given in his honor, and showed scant courtesy to hosts and guests on his arrival.

He was bidden to a state banquet at Windsor Castle, given by the queen in his honor. The hour appointed was nine o'clock, as usual. The queen waited until the quarter past had struck, and then led the way to the dining-room. Presently the khedive arrived and entered with an aggrieved and astonished face.

The queen quietly motioned him to the vacant seat on her right, saying, "In England we never delay dinner for any one. Your highness was highly complimented when I kept my guests waiting fifteen minutes for you." Then turning to her guests she said: "I have to apologize to you all for it."

The khedive never forgot the lesson. It is not only kings who make the mistake of being rude in order to assert their importance; it is a frequent error among uneducated people, and among selfish people who are educated. The ignorant dinner-guest arrives late and makes no apology. The self-important salesgirl is indifferent and sometimes insulting in her manner toward her customers. The self-assertive conductor rudely shoves his passengers. There are men and women in every class who jostle each other and are curt and arrogant, although perhaps at heart they may be kindly disposed.

They are making the mistake of the khedive. By the force of their rudeness they try to impress the world with a sense of their power and authority. They forget, if they ever knew, that real power and real authority do not need a label to distinguish them.

Neck Bands Replac'd

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now Ungars Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 68.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got P. Me?" Oh, I'm beyond redemption," said the other.

Chairs Re-upholstered, Upholstery, Repaired, etc., Duval, 17 Waterford.

BAKING POWDER

pure and wholesome

St. John and Halifax will be off, also the suburban trains which here at 5 20 a. m. and 5 45 p. m. for Truro and which return at 7 15 and

has also been arranged that an accommodation train will leave St. John at 11 a. m. after the arrival of the C. P. R. Portland, Me. This accommodation will have a sleeper attached which will run through to Halifax. Connection also be made at Truro for Sydney.

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The Kings County Record.

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Neck Bands Replaced. Every darned, repairs made all free, you go elsewhere with your laundry we do the best work and do so things free. Fry us now Ungarey, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. No. 58.

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Re-scented Gown, Splendid Perforated, 27 Waterline



The production of Zephra, at the Opera House next week enforces the attention of our society people as the present, particularly the young ladies. Mr. Averill must have worked well and faithfully in instructing such a large number in their different parts. In all, about two hundred and fifty will be seen on the stage. Some of the dances and ensembles are very pretty. Many handsome costumes are being prepared and indications are that Zephra will be a grand success.

Mr and Mrs J Lowery of Rockland Road had many callers at their home this week, expressing their sympathy for them in the loss of their young relative, Miss Elsie McDonald, one of the victims of the Monticello disaster. Miss McDonald had been visiting them for some eight weeks and made many warm friends while in the city. She was possessed of more than ordinary beauty, having very fair skin and a wealth of golden hair, which with her charmingly simple and lovable manners made her a favorite with those who had the pleasure of meeting her during her visit.

Trinity church school rooms presented a very pretty appearance on Thursday, when the ladies of that congregation held their annual mission sale. Patriotic colors were used in the decorations. Those in charge of the different tables were: Fancy Table—Mrs Chas. Scamwell, Mrs M Robinson, Mrs W B Howard, Mrs Thomas Patten, Mrs L A Currie, Mrs Chas. Cochrane, Miss M Robertson. Apron Table—Mrs J V Ellis, Mrs W McAuliffe, Mrs J Jordan, Mrs W Hatch, Mrs Knight, Mrs Jas McAuliffe. Provision table—Miss Stephenson, Mrs C H L Johnson. Candy table—Misses G Patten, J Robertson, E Jordan, L Munroe. Doll Table—Mrs Knowlton, Mrs Coups, Mrs McCaffrey, Miss Seelye. Novelty Table—Miss M Patten, Miss Tingey, Miss Seelye, Miss Langdon. Children's Corner—Mrs E I Simons, Mrs Craig, Mrs G Blair, Misses Armand, Miss Elsie Robinson, Miss Vera Robinson. Ice-Cream Tables—Mrs Macinnis, Miss Northrup, Miss Ingram, Miss Bruce.

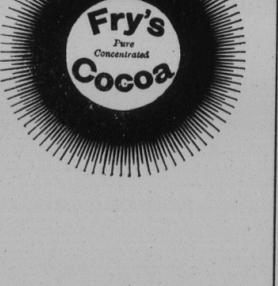
The members of the High school alumnae met at the residence of Mr G L Barber, Hazen street on Thursday evening. The works of American humorists were discussed and readings given by Miss Agnes Carr, Miss G East, Miss Estabrook and Miss Ina Brown.

The Annual high school of the St. John's Presbyterian church was held in the church school rooms on Thursday evening. A great many were in attendance and enjoyed the delightful supper furnished by the ladies and society of the church. A splendid musical programme was carried out during the evening by some of our local talent. The ladies in charge of the different tables were Mrs Arthur Hamm, Mrs C E Clavorn, Mrs E B Burns. They had as assistants Misses Jennie Smith, Mabel Crockett, Jessie Burton, Alma Blair, A McLean, Alice McLean, Mary Craig, Gertrude Trimble, Jessie Armstrong, Maggie Boyce, Edith Young-clause, Miss Morrison and Miss Gray.

Mrs L. M. Harrison left this week for Boston having been called there by the illness of her son Mr Harry Harrison who has had an attack of typhoid fever. Mr. Harrison is at Harvard College studying law. The many friends of Mr. Kirkwood will hear with regret of his severe illness. Mr. Kirkwood may come to St. John to recuperate as soon as it is possible for him to travel. He will be the guest of Dr. William Bayard.

Miss Fanny Merritt of Fredericton is the guest of Mrs Geo. Fairweather, Duke street, Miss Merritt will be in the city for a week or ten days.

The news of the death of Mrs Charles F. Tuck, which occurred at Winnipeg on Sunday was heard with very deep regret by her numerous friends in this city. The deceased lady was a sister of Mrs



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

James A Belva and Mrs A I Trueman, both of this city and a daughter of the late Hon. John McMillan. Since her marriage to Mr Tuck, some ten years ago, she has resided in Winnipeg, and by her lovable disposition made many friends in her new home. Besides her husband one young son survives.

Dr J Gallivan arrived in the city from New York this week on a brief visit. Mrs Gallivan and little daughter have spent the summer here with Dr Gallivan's mother and expect to return with him in a few days to their home in New York city.

Mr and Mrs John L Carleton of Elliott Row are being overwhelmed with congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter at their home on Sunday last.

Miss Massey left here on Tuesday afternoon on a short trip to New York.

Mrs W F Butt and her sister Mrs John Spence returned early in the week from a pleasant visit to New York.

A wedding in which a great many St. John people were interested took place at Toronto, on Saturday last, when Mr D W Campbell, manager, at Montreal, of the Elder Dempster steamship company was married to Miss Emily M Baird of that place. The ceremony was performed in the Presbyterian church, which was beautifully decorated with palms and white flowers. The Rev Dr McTavish was the officiating clergyman. The bride was attired in a gown of ivory satin, trimmed with real lace. Her veil was fastened back with orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of violets, and lily of the valley. The bridesmaids were Miss Elsie Sutherland and Miss Manie Palmer of Montreal. Little Miss Florence Baird, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor. Reception and luncheon followed the ceremony, after which Mr and Mrs Campbell left on a wedding trip, which will include the principal cities in the United States.

A number of young ladies who attended the Sacred Heart Academy, which was conducted by the Nuns of that order, in this city, for a number of years, have received invitations to the celebrations of the centennial of the order, which are to be held at the Seaton-Bacolle about November 21st. Hundreds of former students of the different academies will attend and no doubt a good many will go from here.

Miss Sadie MacFarlane of this city is very ill with typhoid fever at the home of her sister Mrs Dr. Harbour at Fredericton.

Capt. W. H. Fowles of Havelock, accompanied by Mrs. Fowles, paid a short visit to this city this week and while here were guests at the Victoria.

Mr. Ira B Myers, United States consul, at this port has returned from a visit to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. T Barclay Robinson have returned from a very pleasant trip to the West.

Mrs. Robert Gray Murray is paying a visit to her mother Mrs. Hunsicker, Mackay street, Moncton.

An excellent portrait of Miss Marie Furlong of this city appeared in last Saturday's Montreal Star. Miss Furlong, or Miss Marie Trevor, as she is known on the stage, has received many very favorable criticisms on her work as the Maid Letty in The Christian, which is at present touring the provinces.

A number of clever young amateurs belonging to the Dramatic Club, in connection with St. John Baptist Mission church, presented the farce "Uncle" at Roxbury on Saturday evening last, and in the school room of St. Paul's church on Wednesday evening. On both occasions the young people acquitted themselves most creditably. Those who took part in the performances were Miss Gladys MacLaughlin, Miss Winifred Hall, Miss Marion Shaw, Messrs A. C. Stead, J. M. Robinson C. D. Shaw and Master Jack Mathews.

Hon. Geo. E. and Mrs. Foster left by C. P. R. train on Monday for Ottawa.

Dr. Canby Hatheway is home from a two week trip to New York and other large American cities. Miss Laura Lugin of Victoria, B. C., is spending a few days in town.

Miss W. E. Dunn came down from Fredericton this week, and while here was a guest of the Dalriada.

Lady Tilley is in Fredericton the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Dixon.

Mrs. J. A. Morrison of Fredericton is in the city for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Burpee, Moncton, were in town on Wednesday.

An enjoyable affair of the week was the tea given in the studio of the Women's Art Association in the Odd Fellows Hall on Friday afternoon from 4.30 to 6.00'clock. Only the members and friends of the Association were present, each member having the privilege of inviting two persons.

A number of philanthropic ladies and gentlemen are planning a grand dinner to be given in the city at the beginning of the new year. Several meetings have been held by those interested in the scheme and committees have been formed for the carrying out of their plans.

A quiet wedding took place at Holy Trinity church on Wednesday morning, Rev J J Walsh officiating in marriage Mr M J Finnigan and Miss Louise Regan both of this city. The bride wore a travelling suit of navy blue cloth. Breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother Mrs Maloney, City Road, after which the happy couple left for a honeymoon trip to Halifax.

On Wednesday evening a turkey supper was given in the Victoria Street church, which was well attended and the ladies who looked after the affair are thus able to materially increase the church fund.

Mrs Robert Slipp, Mrs J Jordan, Mrs George Black, Mrs H Morey, Mrs J Colwell, Mrs S Corbett and Mrs James Thorne ably took charge of the kitchen and the carving and serving. While the following ladies acted as waitresses:— Red table—Misses M Corbett, A Smith, L Cody, Ida Williams, B Thorne. White table—Mrs. Wm. Chase, Mrs. F Scribner, Mrs J Reiker and Mrs L Holder, Mrs Geo Burke, and Mrs. D Wilson.

Blue Table—Mrs George Perry, Mrs L Peters, Mrs D Mayes and Mrs C Vanwart. Ice cream and candy table—Misses M McBeath, J Mabee, L Exler, May Brown. Fancy work—Miss G Colwell, and Miss B. Stockford.

At St John the Baptist church, Broad street, at an early hour Wednesday morning the Rev. W. C. Gwynor solemnized the marriage of Mr. J. J. Connors the popular Sydney street merchant with Miss Frances Cody, daughter of Mr Michael Cody of St James street. Quite a number of young people, undaunted by the early hour, were at the church to witness the nuptials. The bride looked well in a becoming travelling costume of lawn broadcloth and a hat to match. The bridesmaid, Miss Mary B McGinnis of Belmont, Mass., a cousin of the

bride, also wore lawn with pink trimmings and black velvet picture hat. Mr Michael Cody did the honors for the groom. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the home of the bride's parents on St. James street, where breakfast was served. Mr and Mrs Connors leaving on the early train for a short visit to New York and Boston. Both bride and groom are popular among the young people of the city, and received some handsome and valuable presents, together with the good wishes of their many friends for a long and happy married life.

Mr and Mrs M J Moran are expected to arrive home from their European trip within a week or ten days.

Mr and Mrs T H Hall, who have been in Wilmington, Del. for the past three weeks, returned home during the early part of the week.

Mrs Finlin and her daughter Mrs Wm McEvoy arrived in the city on Tuesday after spending several weeks in Boston and New York.

A very pleasant private assembly was held in the large hall at No. 74 Germain street on Monday evening. Messrs. Charles Gornley, J McNeely and W J Fitzgerald had charge of the affair. Only a limited number of invitations were issued and it is stated, that those present, that the dance passed off most successfully.

The ladies of St. Mary's church are busy making preparations for their annual turkey supper to be given on the evening of Thursday, November 22. A competent committee has the affair in hand and it will no doubt be well patronized and a nice little sum realized for the church improvement fund.

A concert was held in the vestry of the Main St. Baptist church, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 15th, by the 'Young Peoples' Club,' of that church. The proceeds were to replace books lost in the recent Indiantown fire. The programme was as follows: Piano Duet.....Mrs. Simons and Mrs. Roberts. Chorus—"Ode to Night".....Miss Gertrude Webb. Solo.....Miss Smith. Quartette.....Misses Chase and Rowley, Messrs Cowan and Golding. Reading.....Miss B. Maxwell. Piano Duet.....Misses Vincent. Solo—"I'd like to hear that some again.".....Solo.....Mrs. Brown. Dialogue—"The Borneo of Day.".....Duet.....Misses Howley and Chase. God Save the Queen.

The young people wish to thank all those who attended the concert, and hope that they will render them the same valuable assistance in the near future.

Centenary church was the scene of a very quiet wedding Wednesday afternoon at 6 o'clock when Rev Mr Read united in marriage Miss Janet Leader Lyman daughter of the Geo R Lyman to Isaac Hasford Newbury the enterprising and highly esteemed South wharf merchant. The bride was attired in a very becoming travelling suit and was unattended. Many friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, after which the young couple left on the C P R for a short trip through Ontario and Quebec. On their return Mr and Mrs Newbury will reside at their home Horsfield street.

Mr E C Brown, Superintendent of International Correspondence School left on Monday for Fredericton.

Mr Fred Jones, band master of 62nd, who has been very ill at his home on Union Street for several weeks past is still unable to be around. Mr Jones has been confined to bed for four weeks.

Miss Walton of Greenwick spent part of this week in town the guest of Mrs Jordan Jones, Main Street.

Mr C N Carthers passed through the city last week from Halifax on his way West.

Mr F. G. McNaughton who has been employed as bookkeeper and cashier in E. McAuliffe & Sons for some time left on Monday for Moncton, N. W. T., to enter into the business house of his uncle, R. D. McNaughton. His fellow employees presented him with a handsome Gladstone bag on his departure.

Mrs J. E. Hopper returned yesterday from an extended and very enjoyable visit to her daughter, Mrs George Baker, Fort Plain, N. Y.

Rev. Mr. Adams of Truro was in town Wednesday, Thursday and Friday this week, assisting Rev. Mr. Waring who is holding special services in Brussels street church.

Miss Francis Smith spent Sunday in the city with her sister, Mrs. Gregory, Hardin street.

A little Belle Hart has accepted the position as organist of Leinster street Baptist church in place of Professor Topley who had resigned the organ.

Little Miss Edith Williams, daughter of Prof Williams, who has been ill for the past two weeks is much improved, although still unable to go out.

Mrs Gilchrist of Horsfield street, who has been suffering some weeks from a severe attack of bronchitis is improving slowly.

The annual meeting of the Associated Charities was held in the Y. M. C. A. rooms Tuesday evening. Reports were read by Mrs. J. McD. Hal, secretary, and Mrs. E. C. Skinner for the executive, and Mrs. J. N. Golding on behalf of the investigators. Addresses were given by different members of the city, and plans for the work discussed by all. Associated Charities has proved a great boon to the city in disclosing many worthy needy ones, as well as showing up the impostors. The organization has a great future ahead of it, but it will require infinite patience to get into steady working order.

Rev Mr. Kendrick of Mission Church gave at At Home to the members of his church and congregation, Thursday afternoon and evening.

Miss Jennie Pope has been quite ill at her home for the past three weeks, with a severe attack of pleurisy.

Mr Allan W Hicks and little son of Hampton, spent Tuesday in the city.

Mr and Mrs James Clerk are in the city, the guests of their son, Mr Robert Clerk, Pitt street.

Miss Maud Morris entertained a number of her friends at her home on Carmarthen St, Monday evening. There were about thirty present and the evening was most pleasantly spent in dancing and card playing.

Fred Bettie, son of Stephen Bettie, Exmouth Street, who left in the second contingent, arrives home to day. Mr Bettie was not wounded but has had enteric fever. He is a splendid specimen of a soldier, and is quite a favorite among his young man friends as is shown by the rousing reception they have been preparing to give him. Mr Bettie's picture along with others taken, in front of Windsor Castle was in the Illustrated London News some few months ago.

Miss Gustie Buck of Dorchester and Mr John Herd of this city were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Dorchester on Wednesday morning. Mr and Mrs Herd are residing on Heron street.

Mr Frank Colwell's friends will be glad to witness the nuptials. The bride looked well in a becoming travelling costume of lawn broadcloth and a hat to match. The bridesmaid, Miss Mary B McGinnis of Belmont, Mass., a cousin of the

JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patronage so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. -Canadian Magazine. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot House Edifice with Velvet revers, prettily trimmed Black and White, Plain \$2.56. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 78c. 88 cents. Postage 32 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents. PATTERNS of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free. SPECIAL values in Ladies and Childrens Costumes, Jackets, Capes, Underclothing, Millinery, Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Houselinens, Lace Curtains, and General Drapery. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to: JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

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There is entire satisfaction in the result of work done with Brainerd & Armstrong Asiatic Dyed Silks. Three hundred and seventy-six shades insure just the color-tone you want. Brilliant, lasting colors, insure the beauty of your work as long as the fabric lasts. Patent Holders (on no other make) insure convenience in using, no waste, can't soil or tangle. Send three holder tags or a one cent stamp for our "BLUE BOOK"—explains exactly how to embroider 50 different patterns. THE CORTICELLI SILK CO., 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685

FOR ADVERTISING... SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.
MORSE & CO. ... Barrington Street
CLAYTON BATES ... Con. George & Granville St.

Misses of the bride, was the maid of honor. The ceremony took place beneath an arch draped with Canadian and American flags surrounded with floral decorations.
Mr. and Mrs. White left Wednesday evening for their future home in Boston, where Mr. White has for some years been connected with the postal service.

BRIDGETOWN.

Nov. 13—Mrs D B Cummings of this town, also her daughter Mrs F O Felber of Everett, Mass., left Friday Nov 2nd for Yarmouth, where they will visit friends, after which Mrs Cummings will accompany her daughter to her home in Everett, Mass.
Mr Chas Marsh is visiting friends at his former home in Colchester county.

morning, Nov 7, at the home Mr and Mrs Judson Messinger, Centerville, Annapolis, the happy couple being Mr C L Piggot and Miss Lillian A Messinger; the ceremony was performed by Rev J L Steves of Farnside. They will spend their honeymoon in Annapolis, New York etc. Mr Piggot is one of Brigetown's prominent business men.
A very pleasant event took place last week at the Barnards Church, Weymouth, when Father Bullitt joined in marriage Captain J Nevins Kay, of New York, master of the bark Florence B Edget, to Miss Germaine Stehella, of New France. The bride's sisters, the Misses Simora and Thomas, acted as bridesmaids. The groom was supported by Dr Sanborn, of New York. Over one hundred guests were present at the reception and luncheon. The wedding gifts were handsome and costly. The groom's present to the bride was a diamond pin and to the bridesmaids valuable jewels. The bride's father, Mr E Stehella, gave his daughter \$500 in gold.

WOLVILLE.

Nov. 13—Miss Crowe of Halifax is visiting her friend Miss Minnie Woodman, Acadia street.
Mrs White of Sussex, N B has been spending a few days in town visiting her son, Garfield White of the senior class of Acadia.
N J Lockhart of Dalhousie Law School spent a few days in town this week visiting friends.
Mr and Mrs O D Harris will leave Wolville shortly for Colorado, where they will remain for a year, on account of the ill health of Mr Harris.
Mrs A E Caldwell left last week for St Louis Mo. where she will visit for a few months her daughter, Mrs H A Stewart.
Mr and Mrs L B Oakes spent a few weeks in St John last week.
John L Miller of Bear River Acadia, 00, who is attending McGill Medical College, was in town on Friday. Mr Miller was among the number who left their homes on election day to cast their vote.
Mr H Gilmore left on Wednesday the last week for New York, where she will remain for the winter. He will be much missed in Wolville and his many friends wish him every success.

Nathaniel Shaw and wife of Vancouver, B C, are visiting Mr Shaw's father, E M Shaw, Victoria. Tuesday last for Chatham, where they will spend a few weeks visiting friends there.
Rev Dr Fraser of St John was in town for a few days.
The Woodstock Literary society held a pleasant session at the residence of Dr Hand, Monday evening last. The president, Mrs Dennison, presided. The following interesting papers were read; His- tory of England, Mrs Frank Good; Thackeray, Miss Dennison; Tennyson, Mrs C Comber; Geography of England, Miss Kate Sam-ers. The society meets fortnightly; the next session will be held at Mrs Connell's.
Clifton McArthur and Misses Zella and Ruby Miller of Linton, and Misses Bessie A. and Josephine Peabody of Houlton, were at the Car- lisle recently.
J J McO. Sigan, St J. h., registered at the Car- lisle Tuesday.
Miss Nellie McLean has arrived home from Boston where she had a pleasant visit of several weeks.
Rev C T Phillips of St John, spent a few days here last week.
N F Shaw and Mrs Shaw, Miss Bessie Shaw and Miss Leger of Victoria B C were at the Car- lisle, Thursday last.
Catechetus W Burt n Morgan, Harland has been spending a few days in town visiting old friends.
Rev C T Phillips of St John, spent a few days here last week.
Miss Nellie McLean has arrived home from Boston where she had a pleasant visit of several weeks.

MONOTON.

Nov. 13—Mrs W C Barnes has returned from Halifax, where she has been visiting friends for a couple of weeks.
Mrs F C Jones, returned to Moncton Saturday last from Charlottetown. Her sister, Mrs W B Stewart, accompanied her.
Mr Obed Tingley of Point de Bute, has returned from a two weeks' visit to his son and daughter, Dr. H B Tingley and Mrs. J F Harvey of New York. He is spending a few days in the city the guest of his son, the Chief of Police.
Mr. Blair T. LeBlanc leaves this week for Bath, Me., where he will join the Culbass, Chase & Weston Mineral company. Mr. LeBlanc possesses an excellent bass voice and will no doubt prove a valuable acquisition to the company.
Miss Jennie Stais left recently for Boston to visit her brother.
Mrs. Harvey Morton will be at home this week at Mrs. Geo Sml's Westmoiland street.
Mrs. Geo. Tompkins of Bristol, Carleton Co., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wjll Lockhart.
In the Opera House on Monday evening, Nov 13, a song recital will be held by Mille Antonette Trebill, assisted by Mr Carl Clarence Strauss, solo pianist.
Dr LeBlanc who returned some weeks ago from the Klondyke, leaves this week for Detroit.
Mr John B McCarly, of Mount Stewart, F E Island, who has been in the American army in Cuba, was in the city Tuesday enroute back from visiting his parents, to serve out his term which expires in May.
The residence of Mr A G McCallan, of the I C B, was the scene of an interesting event on Tuesday morning when his daughter, Miss Effie May, was married to Mr E Embree, of the I C B, the well known base ball player. The ceremony was per- formed by Rev J M Robertson. The bride looked exceedingly well, attired in a ravelling suit of gray. The happy couple left for points west on their wed- ding trip.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.
Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.
FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES.
A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 300 Hall Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker has arrived with a lot of that lovely

SPRUCE GUM.

Come and see my window display with the real Gum Trees showing how it is pro- cured. Don't fail to get some of this gum.

REMEMBER THE STORE: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.



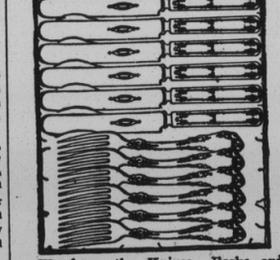
IT IS EASY WORK

when you are well, to rub and scrub, but when the back aches and the head throbs, a woman's work is hourly torment. No woman can be strong and healthy of body who is the victim of those womanly diseases which are often responsible for feminine sufferings. Women who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of diseases of the womanly organs, say that work doesn't tire them any more. "Favorite Prescription" regulates the periods, dries feeble drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," neither opium, cocaine or any other narcotic. "I had poor health for nine years (ever since the birth of my child)," writes Mrs. Arminie Watkins, of Acme, Kanawha Co., W. Va. "I had female weakness, was very irregular and would suffer untold misery. Our family doctor did not do me any good and I concluded to write to you. When I wrote I had no idea that I would ever get well, but when your letter reached me I began to have hope. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription" and began to improve in strength. I was soon able to do the work for my family of six. I think there never were such medicines in the world. I took eight bottles, three of "Favorite Prescription" and five of "Golden Medical Discovery" and two vials of "Pellets." Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

You Know These Goods

They are the same brand as your grand- parents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped "1847 Rogers Bros."



We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladles, etc.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corea." Quarts or Pints. For sale low in bond or duty paid. THOS. L. BURKE 35 WATER STREET.

Wise Women

no longer use the old-fashioned powder dyes with all the mess and trouble that they bring when women are dyeing at home. Maypole Soap is quick, clean, safe and it washes and dyes at one operation. Brilliant, fadeless. All colors and it dyes to any tint. Maypole Soap. Sold everywhere. 15c per Color. 15c for 2 L.

DIGBY.

Nov 14—A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr and Mrs James Stevens, Freeport, when their only daughter Nellie Fernald was united in marriage to Horace Thurber. The ceremony was performed by the Rev E H Howe. Miss Jennie Thurber acted as bridesmaid. The groom was supported by Mr Fred Stevens. After the marriage ceremony was performed, luncheon was served. A number of relatives and friends witnessed the ceremony. The wedding gifts were many and useful. Mr W W Dakin was a passenger to Windsor last Thursday.
Miss Jennie Stewart returned home Saturday after a lengthy visit to Halifax.
Miss Mae Hunt, of Acadia Valley is attending Acadia College at Wolfville.
Miss Maud Hinman spent a few days at the home of her uncle, Mr Thomas Hinzman.
Miss Addie Burton leaves for Boston this week. She will spend the winter in Massachusetts.
Mrs Lavina Thine has gone to Yarmouth to spend the winter with her daughter Mrs Dr. Turnbull.
Mr Edward Young of Digby, who now resides in Boston, arrived here Wednesday and will spend a few days in town.

YARMOUTH.

Nov 14—Mr. Bernard Farish has gone to Mon- treal, to take an excellent position which he has obtained in that city.
Miss Violet E Conrad, of Waverly, Halifax Co., have arrived in Yarmouth and will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. W H Conrad.
Mrs. N H Bent has returned from Brantford, Ont. She came home via Boston, where she was joined by her son Roy, who is much improved in health. Miss Eva Bent has returned from a visit to New Glasgow.
Mr. William J White and Miss Julia Hearts Smith were married in the presence of a few inti- mate friends Tuesday evening, Nov. 13th, at the residence of Mr. E J Webb. Rev. W F Parker officiated. The bride was dressed in dove-colored poplin, with white trimming and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Little Ethel Webb,

TRURO.

[Progress for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Ful- ton, J. M. O'Brien and at Groves Bros.]
Nov. 13—Principal and Mrs Saloon entertained a few friends and a number of young lady students at tea, last Friday afternoon. Among these present were, Mrs Scott, Miss Reade, Miss Patterson, Miss Nelly Connolly, Miss Simpson, Miss Phales, Miss Jennie McKenzie.
Dr and Mrs Angwin who are at present visiting friends in Halifax, leave early in December in the Duart Castle for Trinidad, W I.
Mrs J J Smock and her daughter, Mrs J H Mc- Kay, are home from Halifax.
Dr McKay and Mr Learment are home from their trip to Boston, New York and Montreal.
Miss Flo McMullen and Miss Gertrude Donko, who were home for a few days from Sackville, have returned to school.
Mr D R Bentley, Middleton, was in town Mon- day en route to Sydney, C B.
Mrs A E Randall, is home from a most charming visit to Toronto friends. Fzo.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

Nov 14—Hon J W Longley was in town recently the guest of Mr and Mrs J M Owen.
Rev J Lockward and daughters spent last week in town.
Miss Mary Lockward, who has just returned from a delightful trip to England, is visiting her parents in Clementsport, before returning to Ber- mude, where she has been for over a year, with her invalid grandmother.
Miss Bead of Wolfville, is visiting Mrs Andrew Hardwick.
Miss Murdoch of Bridgetown is visiting Mrs Reginald Miller.
Mr and Mrs Millidge Buckler have gone to Boston.
Miss Lizzie Edwards has gone to Boston where she will spend the winter. She will be much mis- sed from St Luke's choir of which she has been a faithful member for a number of years, having a fine contralto voice.
The whist club met at Miss Murphy's last Friday and as usual the evening was most enjoyable. The first prizes were won by Mrs and Mrs F C Whitman, and the consolation ones by Miss Margaret Leavitt and Mr D S Tremaine.
Mrs George E Corbit, who with her niece, Miss Jennie Stewart of Digby, has been spending several weeks in Halifax, have returned home- 17 pretty wedding took place Wedne

ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS. CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Cure For Men. My Gum Picker arrived with a lot of that...

Something choice. My Gum Picker arrived with a lot of that... PRUCE GUM.

Remember the store: LAN'S WHITE PHARMACY. Charlotte Street. Phone 239.

Scribner's FOR 1900 INCLUDES J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Hazel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S "The Russia To-day." Articles by WALTER A. WYOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S article in sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Pavis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELLETTO, HENRY MORTON CARTER, DWIGHT L. BELMINDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

FREDERICTON.

[Prognosis for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenerty and J. H. Haselthorne.] Nov 14 - Post Master Hillyard, was the host of the very pleasant flag-party of Monday evening...

Mrs. Forrester of Toronto is here and is the guest of her sister Mrs. Hillyard, and will probably remain until she sails next month for England to meet her husband returning from South Africa.

Mrs. D. Lee Babbitt has issued cards of invitation for a five o'clock tea for tomorrow. Despite the heavy down pour of rain a large number of friends braved the storm and enjoyed the tea at home given by Mrs. John Palmer on Friday afternoon...

Mrs. Stephen Dixon gave a pleasant five o'clock tea on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. C. W. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Shaw and Miss Louise Lugin of Victoria, B. C. are here on a visit to their aunt, Mrs. W. P. Fowell...

Mrs. H. H. Babbitt has issued cards of invitation for a five o'clock tea for tomorrow. Despite the heavy down pour of rain a large number of friends braved the storm and enjoyed the tea at home given by Mrs. John Palmer on Friday afternoon...

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THINGS OF VALUE.

These never was, and never will be, a universal possession, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that while the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, which obtains its name from its medicinal value, a remedy for many and various ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the most delicate systems are put into contact with the most powerful restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, thorough and superior Quinine Wine as the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A smart girl at Syracuse is going to pay her way through college by keeping bees. "She ought to get an 'A. B.' degree sure enough."

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and in a severe case of whooping cough, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when almost beyond hope, and is a most valuable remedy in consumption.

Why do people have best clothes? They always look better in their everyday ones. The well-dressed man, Mr. Thos. Brent, Trenning, Ont. writes:—I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Theobald's Eucalypti Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of, but some of them could give me temporary relief, but soon would off at a cure, and I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it.

A Country Breath. A hay-load in the city square. The wheels of a whole summer fair. In one rude wagon piled. The fragrant breath of warm, still rains. The scent of strawberries in green lanes. Faint petals blown from rose-wild.

And straightaway all the bustling place Is filled with some unwholesome grove. And tinkling with the notes Of sold-larks and silver at-eams. The South winds with the scree now been free From the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it.

And long and long the sweetest stays. And cheers and cools the heated ways. Like happy news from home. Till the pale moon and misty stars Look down as if by meadow bars. Their rays touched clover bloom.

But little reaches the countryman. Bound homeward on his empty van, Along the closing marts. What store he brought with him to-day. Or what, within a load of hay, Could touch so many hearts.

ST. GEORGE.

Nov. 13.—A very pretty wedding took place at the Baptist parsonage last week when Miss Jessie Goodie was united in marriage to Mr. Hatt by Rev. A. H. Lavers. The bride was attended and wore a costume of grey with hat to match and carried a handsome bouquet of pink flowers. Immediately after the ceremony the happy pair were driven to their new home at L'Eau.

Rev. Mr. Manning of St. John, preached two very able sermons from the Baptist pulpit on Sunday last. Miss Bonita O'Brien, Miss Marsh, Miss Lavers and Dr. Alexander, take part in a concert to be given at the Second Falls tomorrow (Thursday) evening.

Nov. 15.—Mr. Edwin Saunders came here from "the States" last week to visit his relatives. Mr. Geo. F. Hibbert's family have moved into their handsome brick residence, corner King and Queen streets.

Mrs. John Spence of New York, has been visiting the home of her youth in Chatham, after an absence of twenty years. Mrs. Spence is a daughter of the late John Townsend of Chatham.

Mrs. D. Smith of Chatham, paid her friend, Miss Whitlock, a visit last week. From here she returned to St. Stephen.

G. B. Clinch, of the Robinson Opera Company, is visiting his family in St. Andrews. Mrs. J. W. Simpson is visiting friends in New Jersey.

Very Rev. Dr. Quinn, of Arichat, has gone to Montreal for rest and treatment. Frank D. Boland, the manager of the Commercial Bank here spent a few days in town last week. R. L. Loring of Halifax is visiting Mr. C. J. Burchell, Barrister.

Miss Kate Dodd of Bridgeport, is visiting friends in Sydney. Mrs. Kelly, wife of Mr. Kelly of the firm of Kelly & Dodge, photographers, has arrived in Sydney and will in future reside here.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

Table with financial data: Income, Disbursements, Assets, Policy Reserves, Guarantee Fund or Surplus, Insurance and Annuities in Force, Loans on Policies During the Year.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Job Printing Department. Progress Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. W. M. CLARK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. A. REYNOLDS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel, 61 to 67 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

HUSTLING FARM HELP. ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

earn that he is very much improved in health this week.

Mr. Charles Frederick formerly of this city but now of Portland, Me., is visiting relatives in the city.

Mrs. Chas. Dykeman of Jersey was in the city this week, the guest of Mrs. Samuel Robinson Union street.

Mrs. Geo. Webster and sister Mrs. Alice Webster of Wickham, were in town this week.

Mr. Donald Fidgeon son of C. B. Fidgeon has accepted the position of Nova Scotia traveller for D. Magee & Sons, lately made vacant by the tragic death of J. C. Frapp.

Miss Maizie Roberts of Cedar street north end, returned Sunday from a two weeks trip to Boston. The Trinity church annual sale and tea, was held Thursday evening, and was attended with its usual success.

Mr. Alfred Odell of New York is the guest of his cousin Mrs. T. A. Dunlop, City Road.

Mrs. Fred Peters, Germain street, gave a very pleasant at home on Wednesday afternoon. The house was prettily decorated with pink and white chrysanthemums.

Mrs. James F. Harding and Mrs. Wetmore Merrill presided over the tea and coffee. In the evening Mrs. Peters entertained a number of her married friends together with some of the younger people. The evening was very enjoyably spent with whist. There were twelve tables.

Mrs. Kellie Jones, Miss Lillian Malcolm, Mr. Stephen de Forest, and Mr. Harry Rankine were fortunate in carrying off the honors of the evening.

BARTH'S DEEPEST HOLES.

Shafts Sunk on Linn Shallow Compared With the Ocean's Abysses.

Near Pittsburg a well has been dug 5,532 feet deep—that is 252 feet more than a mile. Near Wheeling, W. Va., they are sinking a well which is now with in a few hundred feet of a mile deep. At last report they had reached the 4,920 foot level. At Sprenburg, near Berlin, Germany, they are driving a hole in gypsum beds which is already 4,559 feet deep and it is getting deeper every day. At Schladebach, near Leipzig, they are taking salt from a well that is even deeper than the Pittsburg well. The hole is 6,265 feet deep. The Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet and Hecla mine in the Lake Superior copper district is a mile deep and men work in the shaft. Near by, the Tamarack mine has a shaft nearly as deep as the Red Jacket. But at Paruschowiz, in eastern Siberia, there is a well which is now 6,700 feet deep, or exactly 100 feet more than a mile and a quarter. They are still boring and it is the intention to go down 8,800 feet, or one and two-third miles, when some interesting scientific experiments will be made. Unquestionably, this is now the deepest artificial hole in the world.

But in this race far into the earth's core there are other competitors, other well holes which are not quite so deep as these big ones, but are pressing them hard. They are mostly in Germany. At Lieth, near Altona, there is a hole 4,388 feet deep. At Eu near Strassfurt they have gone down 4,241 feet. At Lubtheen, in Mecklenburg, they are still digging at 3,949 feet. At Sennowitz, near Halle, 3,644 feet, has been reached. At Inowrazlaw, Posen, drills are working at 3,624 feet, while at Friedrichsne near Aschereleben, they have punched a hole in the earth 3,543 feet deep. At St. Louis they have a well which will stand comparison with these German wells. It is 3,843 feet deep. All of these wells are more than half a mile deep and several of them have passed the three quarter mark.

As these wells all get hotter as they are driven deeper and deeper, the outcome suggested is, that as soon as a sufficient depth is reached, natural steam will be encountered, or if the well be dry, water can be pumped in and returned in the form of marketable vapor. It is pointed out that many buildings in several parts of the world are heated with naturally warm well water. The hospital at Grenelle and large factories in Wurtemberg are notable examples. Also the geyser shows how heat from the earth's interior may manifest itself forcibly on the surface.

Beside the chasms in the ocean bed the holes in the land are as pin punctures, for more than half of the whole sea floor lies miles below the surface of the water. One eighth of this latter area is depressed below three miles. This eight itself is seven million square geographical miles in extent and contains areas or rather basins that dip in places more than five miles below the surface. These last almost unfathomable holes in the ocean bottom occur only in three places, or at least only three soundings of five miles or more have been made. There may be others, of course even deeper, which have as yet remained undiscovered.

The deepest of these holes exists in the South Pacific to the east of the Kermadecs. It is 5,155 fathoms deep or 530 feet more than five geographical miles. The sounding that went to its bottom represents the farthest reach of humankind toward the centre of the earth. Yet what came back with the rod was meagre in view of what might have been expected. A little globigerina ooze, a little of that curious red clay which covers nearly half of the sea

floor, a few manganese nodules, some minute magnetic spherules of cosmic origin—that was all; these and the positive assurance of intense darkness and bitter cold.

The ooze was what was left of animal carcasses sweeping downward through centuries; the clay was the plastic remnants of even earlier periods; the spherules were representatives of meteoric particles which had plunged through immeasurable distance from outer dark into inner dark.

Volcanic debris, oxides of iron, zeolitic crystals, manganese nodules and remains of whales and sharks are characteristic of these deep holes. One haul of a trawl in the Pacific brought up from a depth of nearly three miles many bushels of manganese nodules, 1,600 sharks' teeth and fifty fragments of the bones of whales. But beyond these, all other objects which might be expected to drop from the surface are wanting. It is not surprising, however, in view of the terrible pressure of the water at these great depths. Nothing not especially adapted for it could withstand it. It is calculated that one mile beneath the surface the pressure of the water on all sides of an object is one ton to the square inch. In view of this it was formerly supposed that the pressure at the lowest depth must be great enough to turn the bottom to stone. But the dredge shows this to be untrue.

The fish that live in these deep holes are soft and gelatinous, the only condition in fact which would save them from the effects of the pressure. The water permeates their soft structure and counteracts its own pressure.

Forty-three areas have been found on the sea bottom lying deeper than three miles. Eight of these are deeper than four miles. These are: Nares Deep in the North Atlantic; Bess Deep in the Antarctic; Weber Deep in the Banda Sea; Challenger, Tuscarora and Sapan Deeps in the North Pacific; and Aldrich and Richards Deeps in the South Pacific. Three of these Deeps contains five mile holes. They are Aldrich, Tuscarora and Weber Deeps. But the Aldrich Deep hole is the deepest, as was stated above. Yet, deep as it is, in spite of the fact that Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, it dropped into the hole would sink out of sight in the ocean, that little pinnacle called Sunday Island standing squarely in this five mile hole is able to rear its head 2,000 feet above the surface of the sea. Incidentally this conveys a vivid idea of the contrast nature is able to make in the matter of high hills and deep holes.

IS THE GARDEN OF EDEN OURS?

Dean Hall thinks that the Flag Now Waves where Adam and Eve Dwelt.

Dean Hall, geologist in the University of Minnesota, call attention to the fact that the report of Dr. D. F. Becker, one of the United geologists who went with the army to the Philippine Islands, contains a geological history of the archipelago which leads societies to believe that the islands comprise the Garden of Eden, the original home of man and that the Tagalo of to-day is a direct descendant from the man of Borneo, midway in development between the ape and the human species.

Dr. Becker reports that during the tertiary period of geological history these islands were in the midst of swamps and shallow seas at the very edge of the Mediterranean lake, which extended westward to the Atlantic ocean. Later the bottom of the sea was lifted above land. The Alps, Caucas and Himalaya mountains now stand at the highest points to which the ancient sea bottom of limestone and shales were lifted. The Philippines were lifted, too, so that during the later tertiary time the Philippine islands were a part of the continent of Asia and migration of land animals and plants took place freely. Then came a subsidence, which cut off the migration of animals to and from the islands, and with this subsidence begins a period of great volcanic activity and huge quantities of lava were thrown out and spread over the land and ocean bottom.

There is no evidence of land connection between the Philippines and Asia from that time to the present. There are evidences of constant oscillations, upliftings and submergences, but no movements of sufficient magnitude to make dry land across the China Sea.

But the item of special interest is the opinion of the late Prof. Marsh that one of the earliest haunts of the human species was the Philippine archipelago, with Borneo and other southward-lying island. The great elevation which lifted the bottom of the old Mediterranean Sea into mountain ranges like the Alps and Himalayas and the following submergences of the area of the China Sea beneath ocean waters had a profound effect upon the migration of the human race. "If it should be proved," says Dr. Hall, "that the original home of man was, as Marsh seems to suggest, in

"Deride Not Any Man's Infirmities."

Tell him, rather, how to get rid of them. Most infirmities come from bad blood and are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has scrofula, salt rheum, humors, catarrh, dyspepsia or rheumatism should at once begin taking this medicine that the infirmity may be removed.

Weakness—"I have given Hood's Sarsaparilla to my boy whose blood was poor. He was very weak, could not keep warm, and suffered from pains in his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and well." Mrs. W. C. Stratton, Thomas St., Deseronto, Ont.



the Philippine Islands, then in bringing under the flag the original garden of Eden we shall secure a treasure beyond financial or political valuation.

Only a few years ago in the island of Borneo the fossil remains were found of queer creatures believed to be midway in degree of development between the ape and man. The climatic conditions favoring the development of animal forces appear to exist there in highest perfection. The animals that were associated with man in the original garden of Eden, as they were driven in every direction by the movements of the sea, and rivers of Basso show some marked divergences, as those of India, China and the Philippine Islands are compared. It is easy to see how under such intense conditions the neighbors of the original man of Borneo, isolated on his own island in the north, could have developed into the Tagalo of today.

LETTER FOR JONES OF NEW YORK.

There are 700 Joneses in the Directory and he wasn't one of them, but he got it.

Henry T. Jones came to New York from Chicago a year or so ago and went into business here because he found New York a nicer place to work in than the Windy City. His name didn't get into the city directory, somehow, along with the names of the 700 or more other Joneses who are there, and he didn't live in the city but in a Jersey suburb, where he found a finer crop of mosquitoes than New York could supply. But these things never leazed the folks at the Post Office when a letter arrived for him from South Africa addressed simply 'Henry T. Jones, New York city, U. S. A.' and after a delay of a week or so, while the letter carriers were hunting for him among the other Jones, Mr Jones got his letter.

It came from Salisbury in Rhodesia whither a friend of Jones's had drifted and where he had heard that Jones had moved to New York. He hadn't Jones's address, but with the sublime confidence of the American abroad in the ability of the folks at home to solve a little problem like finding an odd Jones in the metropolis he started his letter last June. Salisbury was all but cut off from civilization then by the Boer war, but when relief came the letter travelled to this city. The Post Office sharps found a Henry T. Jones in the directory but he wasn't the right Jones and he returned the letter to them because he didn't know anybody in South Africa. Then in turn the missive went to the twelve other Henry Joneses whose names were in the directory and to such other Joneses as they thought might like to have it; but it always came back to the Post Office. Then it went to the fifty odd other Joneses whose initials was given in the directory as H. and every time the letter carrier brought it back.

The Post Office folks were determined to find the right Henry Jones if he was around, so they next tried the Brooklyn Henry Joneses then the Joneses in Queens and Richmond boroughs. Finally as a last resort the letter went into the Jersey suburbs. In Bayonne, N. J. it reached a Henry T. Jones. He wasn't the right Henry but his father was a minister who knew a lot of Joneses. The Rev. Mr. Jones remembered that in Bayonne he had met a Jones who came from Chicago and worked in New York so he hunted him up in the local directory. His initials weren't H. T. or anything like them, but the Rev. Mr. Jones sent the letter around to him any way.

Now it happened that this Jones was the proper Henry's brother. He turned the letter over to the rightful owner and a reply is now on its way out to South Africa, Henry T. Jones says. It is likely to double the faith of Jones's correspondent in what American postal officials can do if they set their minds to do it.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

PINK AND WHITE TERRACES.

They are Coming Into View Again Above the Volcanic Debris in New Zealand.

Mr. Henry M. Cadell, a Scotchman who some years ago wrote one of the best condensed accounts of our Yellowstone Park, has been visiting the volcanic zone in North Island, New Zealand, where he caught glimpses of the pink and white terraces that were buried out of sight fourteen years ago. This region is a land of wonders. No part of the world, except the Yellowstone Park, is so conspicuous for hot spring and geyser. They burst from the ground endlessly diversified in form, size and chemical composition. Long before European settlers saw New Zealand thermal and mineral waters attracted the natives who had discovered their curative properties. Cadell says that some sanatoriums have now been erected here and are visited by many New Zealanders and foreigners.

Mount Tarawera, about 3,000 feet high was supposed to be extinct till 1886, when one winter's night it suddenly awoke. The natives who live around the shores of the beautiful lake of the same name at the foot of the volcano told Mrs Cadell that eleven days before the catastrophe they saw a spectral canoe floating in the heavens above the lake. They had never seen anything like it before and they believe the spectacle was a forewarning that some terrible event would occur. Mirages are sometimes seen in that region. The canoe may have been merely a phenomenon of this sort or perhaps only a curiously shaped cloud.

The explosion came with scarcely a moment's warning. A tremendous shock disturbed the entire region and the ash covered summit of the volcano was blown into the air to a height of 23,000 feet, visible for 150 miles. Flaming scorias and a deluge of ashes fell in dense showers on the surrounding district. Many villages were crushed beneath the weight of dry ashes or buried under heaps of mud. Many places were buried deep under layers of volcanic dust.

One of the most regrettable features of the explosion was the destruction of the 'Wonder of Wonders,' the famous mineral spring which filled a crater about 650 feet in circumference and, overflowing its transparent, alabaster like margin fell in thin sheets from basin to basin. As it fell, the water, saturated with silica and sulphurous substances, became cooler and gradually changed color from the sapphire tints of the upper basin to turquoise blue lower down and a slightly azure shade where the waters entered the lake. These 'white and pink terraces,' as they were called were among the most beautiful of sights and few foreigners going to New Zealand failed to pay them a visit. The terraces were blotted out beneath a heat of scorine. Mr. Cadell brings the interesting news that here and there these gorgeously colored rocks are again coming into view; and it is evident from his description of the region in its present aspects that the phenomena of this wonderland will always continue to rank among the most remarkable of nature's spectacles.

Liquid Fuel in Steamers.

In October the steamship Cowrie steamed all the way from Koetei in Borneo to London, a distance of 9,235 miles, using nothing but liquid fuel. When the steamer reached London the boilers for supplying steam for the unloading machinery were fired by the same material. The oil was not burned by a thin layer of incandescent coal, as is the case in some systems, but was reduced to a spray by means of a steam jet at the furnace door where it was delivered from tanks above the boilers. The Cowrie was formerly fired with coal and her owners say that her conversion to liquid fuel has been attended with advantageous results. Only six stokers are now required, though sixteen were necessary when coal was used. A great deal of bunker space is also saved. The consumption of oil at sea is only twenty-two tons a day while the daily consumption of coal used to be thirty five tons, and a ton of oil occupies only thirty-four cubic feet against forty five feet required for coal. The oil is also taken on board much more quickly than coal, and recently 300 tons were pumped into a German steamer in an hour.

The oil yielded by the Borneo oil fields is said to make an excellent fuel just as it comes from the ground, and it is beginning to be much used for this purpose by the Hamburg American and other steamers that are engaged in the Eastern trade.

"Shamrock II."

Canadian yachtsmen feel a keen interest in the challenge for the America's cup sent by Sir Thomas J. Lipton, rear commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, and promptly accepted by the New York Yacht Club.

Sir Thomas Lipton won the regard of Americans last year by the manly good



It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—very part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—button holes are left intact when we do your work.

Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODEFROY BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers." Montreal

humor with which he accepted disappointment, and thus the unpleasant impressions left by the Dunraven episode were almost completely effaced. The conditions under which the races were sailed were so satisfactory to him that he asks to have them repeated; and he names his new yacht Shamrock II., thus perpetuating the name of the craft with which he tried for the trophy last year. The only thing he would have different he indicates in his hope that the name of the boat that lifts the cup may this time be Shamrock II. Americans would rather that the cup stay where it is, but if it is to be borne away at all, they would choose Sir Thomas Lipton to lift it.

When these races are sailed next August, the coveted trophy will have been on this side of the Atlantic for fifty years. Eleven unsuccessful attempts have been already made by English to recover it. In the early days of yachting the conditions were simpler than they are now. There was no building of yachts especially for a contest, but the clubs simply sailed their best boats against the contestant. The America originally won the cup against a fleet of English craft, and the cup was for some time defended in the same way. Under the new conditions, the interest attaching to the building or selection of a yacht to defend the cup is second only to that of the race itself.

PAINS OVER THE EYES: Headache and Catarrh

Relieved in 10 Minutes.

That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of catarrh have been sown, and it's your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to prevent the setting of this dreaded malady. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure. 50 cents.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1900.

TO SEARCH FOR THE POLE.

Capt. Bernier, a Veteran Navigator, Will Conduct It, and He Plans to Follow a Course Similar to Nansen's.

The first distinctly Canadian expedition in search of the North Pole will probably set out for the Arctic next year. It will be commanded by Capt. Bernier, an old time navigator, than whom no Arctic explorer was ever more confident of achieving his self imposed task.

Small balloons with records of the expedition's progress will be released at monthly or fortnightly intervals, and each succeeding balloon will contain the record entrusted to former ones, to provide against the loss of any.

The expedition expects to return by way of Spitzbergen. Judging by the fact that the polar basin has a higher level than either the Pacific or the Atlantic ocean, that the latter is lower than the Pacific, and that the cold winds of the polar basin help the ice and water thence on the way to the North Atlantic to feed the evaporation always going on there, Capt. Bernier believes it now to be nothing more than a matter of time and patience until he shall have passed directly over the pole and returned safely home to tell the story of the expedition.

His preference is for a steel ship, because of the fears that the vessel engendered among her crew when in the ice floes. His preference is for a steel ship the sides of which can be so heated from within that she will avoid the evil effects of ice pressure, and being shaped like the Fram will readily rise from the pressure of opposing ice floes.

Sir Clements Markham has already declared that another expedition ought to continue Nansen's work, taking the drifting ice further to the east than he did, in which case he believes it would float over or nearly over the pole.

The Royal Society of Canada and the Quebec Geographical Society have endorsed Capt. Bernier's plans. So has J. W. Tyrrell, the explorer of the barren lands and the chairman of the committee on Polar Researches of the Ontario Land Surveyor's association.

All this time the captain expects to be gradually nearing the pole, carried toward it by the drift of the ice in which his vessel and attendant camps will be imbedded, or upon the surface of which they will be borne.

So gradual is the drift and so slow will be the progress of the party that they only expect to reach the pole during the third summer of their absence from home.

By and by land-hunters and home seekers with their families came to her neighborhood, and came to stay. There was no timber on the prairie, and the new settlers dug clay, and began making brick to build better houses.

When, during the second summer, the sand wind destroyed her husband's wheat crop, her son, in a fit of impatience, quitted the farm and went to the Black Hills to mine for gold.

THE BEST-MOTHER. Good Work of a Woman Among the Sioux Indians. In the earlier days of Western emigration, says a veteran home missionary, a man with his wife and son moved to North Dakota, took a section of prairie land, and built a sod house.

Nearly every day parties of Indians travelling between the reservations passed her little home, but she made friends with them, sometimes inviting them to come in and rest.

ing creatures as well as she could that the Son of the great God had a message for them. They had been moving from place to place, but he called to them from the Happy Fields of the sky.

By and by land-hunters and home seekers with their families came to her neighborhood, and came to stay. There was no timber on the prairie, and the new settlers dug clay, and began making brick to build better houses.

One day, however, the Indians began to show signs of excitement. The cause was a whimsical misunderstanding, but one which might easily result in danger to the whites.

The neighbors noticed, not without apprehension, a swarm of savages gathered around the Rest-Mother's house, gesticulating and uttering general exclamations, and the little white-haired woman standing quietly in the midst of them, making signs and talking; but they did not know till afterwards that her heathen friends were begging her to let them take her away from the settlement because the white people were all to be killed.

It was no light task to enlighten a pacific these superstitious children of nature, but the tact of the little mother was equal to it. Betraying no agitation, she told them they were wrong. They should hear her say the strange words, and they should smile.

THE REST-MOTHER. The imaginative savages soon caught the idea, and circled round their instructor, laughing, making a wall of themselves like boys at play.

The red men could not disobey the gentle Rest-Mother. She bade them sit down and pay attention, and then she made them understand that she wished them to fadher son.

Faithful to his training, he scolded his mother's influence as a Christian teacher to the Indians, many of whom learned the arts of peace and now live welcome neighbors to the whites, owning farms and raising God-fearing families.

Mrs. Good—It is drink that has brought you so low. The Tramp—Yes'm. It has brought me so low that I can't get a drink.—Puck.

CATCHING A BANK THIEF.

It is Often Easy to Get Away. But Almost Always Hard to Stay Away.

The recent embezzlement by the note teller of the First National Bank of New York and the ease with which he was captured, said a well known ex-detective last week, recalls one of the most remarkable and interesting cases I ever had anything to do with.

Well, things ran along all right for some time, until one fine morning the cashier discovered that about \$100,000 in cash and bonds had been taken from the safe the preceding night.

Now, Jerry had sent word to the bank the day before the robbery was discovered that he was so ill he feared he would not be able to attend to his duties for a day or two; so he was not expected at the bank the day of the discovery; but as soon as his father had admitted that his son also could open the safe a messenger was sent to the latter's home.

After getting all the information possible at the bank, I struck out after the thief. I soon found that there was a girl in the case, and that Jerry had spent part of the evening of the robbery at her home.

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much thought. Of course, the strange, mysterious disappearance of the culprit still excited wonder and speculation.

One day, six or seven months after the robbery, as I was walking leisurely up Broadway, New York, just below Wall street, I was approached by a man who requested me to direct him to a money broker, as he wished to dispose of some United States bonds and was a stranger in the city.

I need not assert. He pleaded utter ignorance of the robbery, and declared that he had made the acquaintance of the man who had given him the letter and the bonds some months before in Havana, where the latter had posed as a captain of the United States Army.

If politeness can ever be considered a fault it would be in such a case as the following, which is reported by a fireman and printed in Collier's Weekly:

"The coolest man I ever saw," said a New York fireman. "I met at a fire in a dwelling house on Fifth Avenue. We found him in an up stair front room, dressing to go out. The fire by this time was surging up through the house at a great rate.

"Hullo, there!" he bellowed at him, when we looked in at the door. "The house is afire!"

"Would it disturb you if I should remain while you are putting it out?" he said, lifting the comb from his hair and looking round at us. He had on a white evening waistcoat, and his dress coat lay across a chair.

"Seeing us staring at him, he dropped his comb into his hair again and went on combing. But as a matter of fact, he was about ready. He put down the comb, put on his coat and hat and picked up his overcoat.

"Now I'm ready, gentlemen, he said. "We started, but the stairway had now been closed up by fire. We turned to the windows. The boys had got a ladder up to the front of the house.

"I should like to subscribe to your paper. Would you be willing to take it out in trade?" Country Editor—Guesso; what's your business? "I'm the undertaker."

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a man and a woman, and text describing the soap's benefits for laundry.

Advertisement for American Laundry, located at 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St., with proprietors B. A. Dyeing & Co. and Gold Med-Dyers.

Advertisement for eye medicine, titled 'PAINS OVER THE EYES: Headache and Catarrh', claiming relief in 10 minutes.

SPLASH! SPLASH!



But You Need Not Mind IF WITH PACKARD'S Dressings your Shoes are Shined PRESERVE AND NOURISH THE LEATHER.

L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

Giacinta ran up the steps and in at great door of the villa, across the marble vestibule, where her light steps echoed with a dismal, ghostly sound, and down a large corridor. At the end of this she opened suddenly, and an exclamation of annoyance escaped from someone within, who had retreated violently at her entrance. 'You startled me,' said a querulous voice. 'I have told you so often to knock before you disturb me.'

Sunday Reading.

How John Duff Found His Mind.

John Duff is the oldest man in the old town of Britton. While making handsome additions to his modest inheritance, he has been open-handed in public benefactions and private charities.

In fact, Squire Duff, as they call him, has never been suspected of enriching himself by impoverishing others, and many of his townsmen might testify that his prosperity had contributed largely to their own. His rugged integrity is in partnership with a clear and broad intelligence.

But now comes a pretty piece of history. In his youth John Duff was looked upon as the most unpromising lad in Britton. Old Peter Duff and his wife were among the excellent of the earth, and people wondered that so worthy a couple should be burdened and cursed with such a rattle-pated, good-for-nothing son—their only child!

As John neared his twenty-first birthday, he exulted in the thought that in a few weeks the last restraint would fall away and he should be 'his own man.' But one day the kind-voiced doctor startled him with a message: 'Your father can live but a few hours, and he wishes to see you.'

But a feeling of awe crept over him as he stood by the bed of death and saw the strange change which had come over the face so familiar to him from childhood. A feeble hand reached out to clasp his own. The voice seemed to come from far away—from the boundary line of worlds.

'My son, I only ask from you one promise. After I am gone, will you go down to the wood lot every day for a week, and spend half an hour alone, in thinking?'

Deeply agitated, yet half relieved at being let off so easily, John made the promise. The day after the funeral he repaired to the wood. As he sat among the trees, the image of his vanished father rose before him with a solemn and commanding grandeur, which seemed to reprove his own pettiness and worthlessness.

Could this be the place where he had gone bird nesting, chasing squirrels, gathering nuts and hallooing with the other boys—often to the neglect of his duties? He was here now on a different errand, and the place was changed. For the first time in his life he was impressed with silence and solitude, with the soft air, the breaths of sunlight and shade, the pomp of the sky, the unfolding life and beauty of the springtime.

Some slighted lessons about creation and the Creator seemed to mix with the scene, as if he were a part of the vast order, and yet not in full harmony with it. Then came penitential memories of his father, whose forgiveness he could never ask; a stirring of tenderness toward his lone and sorrowing mother; with anger and shame toward himself for having caused them bitter years.

But he could not dwell on the wasted, wretched past. The future rose to meet him with a challenge and a voice of hope. Then all his newly roused forces of thought and feeling gathered to a prayer and a purpose. By the Heavenly Help, might he not yet be a man? A half hour is a long time for an undisciplined youth to spend in solitary reflection; but John Duff did not emerge from the grove for three full hours.

But not even the pastor could realize the fitness and force of one verse in the Psalm for the day: 'I thought on my ways, and turned thy feet unto thy testimonies.'

POPULARITY OF THE BIBLE.

Statistics issued this week show a vast increase in the circulation of the Bible. It has been stated that the opposite is the case in the United States, where publishers and booksellers are cited as having said 'There is no money in the Scriptures.'

A talk with Mr. Henry Frowde of the Oxford University Press corrects this statement very materially. He says it is true that the business of some American publishers has been largely reduced, but this is not the result of any falling off in the popularity of the Bible in America. The explanation given is that new and more economical machinery has been introduced by other publishers of the Bible.

Never was there, he says, such a demand for Bibles as at present; three times as many Oxford Bibles have been sold as in any previous year. The British and Foreign Bible Society, which prints the Scriptures in 400 languages, representing the speech of seven-tenths of the world, of the world, issued in the twelve months ending with last March 5,047,000 copies of the Bible—a bulk absolutely without precedent and considerably more than half a million in excess of the corresponding period previously. Of that huge mass, over 30 per cent., or 1,521,000 copies are in English.

In themselves these figures are sufficiently significant, but even more striking is the record privately compiled, and not yet published, of the growth during the last decade. In 1889 90 the number of complete English Bibles sent out was 584,980. Each year showed a consistent, steady rise up to last year, when it was 618,215. Ten years ago the New Testaments were 699,618, and last year 614,719.

The intervening figures having somewhat fluctuated with a general increase. Of portions of the Scriptures, such as the Psalms or the Gospels, 25,000 were issued in 1889 90, and last year they numbered 467,482, not a little of that great increase being due to the fact that 126,000 copies were distributed to the troops as they left these shores for South Africa. The penny new English Testament is sold at less than cost price. Since it was first brought out in 1894 over 7,000,000 copies have been issued at a loss of £25,000, as it cannot possibly be produced at its selling price.

At the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses which, together with the Queen's Printers, alone have the right of printing the Bible in this country, the finest typography, the choicest paper, and most artistic of bindings are requisitioned for the sacred volume, and there is not the slightest diminution to be observed in the demand for sumptuous copies.

Mr. Frowde says that the total annual output of Oxford Bibles for some years past has been upward of a million copies, and even before there was an American branch of the Oxford University Press the weekly shipment of Bibles to the United States often exceeded five tons in weight. The Americans take the keenest interest in Bibles and Biblical matters, as was shown very clearly at the time of the publication of the revised Testaments. Not only the authorized Bible holds its own, but the revised version is slowly but steadily increasing in popularity.

The late Dr. A. E. Quint used to relate an instance of neighborhood strife which came under his observation. A little New England village church, through an unhappy family difference between members, became divided, and the minister, after trying in vain to reconcile the two factions, resigned his pastorate in the interest of peace. But the trouble continued, and the hostile parties were so intractable that for years it was impossible to settle another minister.

One summer, when the congregation had dwindled and the church had become too weak to support a resident pastor, a young theological student came out to preach during his vacation. In some way he won all hearts, and continued to supply the pulpit during his remaining year of study, after which he accepted a united call as pastor.

There he lived and labored, made peace, and grew into the life of the people. It was his only pastorate, and it lasted half a century. He buried the leaders in the old quarrel, married their children and their grandchildren, and died at a good old age after fifty years of a blessed ministry. Then happened a strange thing. When the church came to consider the calling of another pastor, Mr. Smith made a joking allusion to the historic quarrel. 'How foolish those old fellows were!' said he. 'I've heard my father tell how

old Deacon Brown wouldn't pray in the meeting where he had taken part.' Deacon Brown's son laughed, too, but resented the allusion, and mentioned something which his father had told him of the elder Mr. Smith.

'That's all very true, no doubt,' said Mr. Smith, 'but my sainted father was a man of convictions, sir, and I honor his memory!'

'No more than I honor the memory and conviction of my father,' said Mr. Brown. 'Incredible as it may seem, this little dispute at once called back a hateful memory and started in full career all the unbrotherly clamor and reproach of the old quarrel. Dead for half a century, the contention began again. It had sprung out of a trifle in the first instance, and the merest trifles now brought it out of its grave. Only after the greatest effort on the part of those who had no ancestors in the original strife, and the wise counsel of men outside, was the difficulty settled and peace restored.'

Those who say, 'I can forgive, but I can't forget,' have never more than half forgiven. Unless one can so far forget that he cease to think evil and resentful thoughts about a wrong he has excused, there still is a root of bitterness out of which new hatred may grow. Dig out the root and let it die.

'Be the children of your Father which is in heaven,' is the precept of Jesus; and the Father's feeling toward the pardoned offender is something for His children to imitate as nearly as they can. 'I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.'

THE USEFULNESS OF DIAMOND DYES.

In Country Homes is Beyond Calculation.

Diamond Dyes are great blessings to every farmer's wife. No other article brought into country homes can give such a return of profit, pleasure and happiness as the Diamond Dyes. A ten cent package of the world famed Diamond Dyes will give new life to any faded and dingy dress, skirt, jacket or cape. From ten to twenty cents expended on Diamond Dyes will enable any one to re-color a faded suit of clothes for any youth or man, and make them look like new clothes from the Tailor's hands.

To get the best results from your work of home dyeing, do not allow any dealer to sell you some make of dyes that he calls just as good. No other package dyes in the world equal the Diamond Dyes in purity, strength and brilliancy.

WANDERINGS OF A JAPANESE.

The Romantic Story of a Young Man Whose Career was Staged by a Shipwreck.

A while ago Mr. J. Heco of Tokio published an account of some of his adventures and experiences. A Stuttgart publisher discovered the interesting little volume, translated it and has published it in Germany under the title in German of 'Recollections of a Japanese.' Heco's life appears to have had an unusually large element of romance, and his story is well worth telling.

In 1850, when he was 18 years old, he went to sea on a Japanese junk bound for Yeddo. The little bark was driven by storms out into the Pacific; its rigging was completely swept away by the violence of successive gales, and finally the boat lay adrift several hundred miles from land without means of propulsion and at the mercy of the winds and currents. Thus the hapless crew drifted around for several weeks until an American bark came in sight and the seventeen Japanese sailors, whose friends at home believed they had perished in the storms, were taken to San Francisco. This was before Japan had entered into intimate relations with other nations, and the castaways thus thrown upon a foreign shore, of which most of them had never heard, were great objects of curiosity in the young and thriving mining port of San Francisco.

In those days no American vessels plied to Japan, and the poor stranded sailors did not know whether they would ever be able to get home. Finally young Heco, who had been picking up a meagre living in San Francisco for two years, had an opportunity to sail on an American warship to Hong Kong, where he intended to watch his chance to secure passage for Japan.

Arriving in Hong Kong he waited long for a vessel to take him home. At last it seemed to him that the opportunity would never come and so he sailed back to San Francisco. Here he worked now as a household servant, and then as a sailor on coasting vessels.

One day he met a kind gentleman who was much interested in his story and became his friend and patron. He took the boy with him by the Panama route around to Baltimore, where he placed him in school. Later the gentleman returned to

San Francisco to live, taking Heco with him and the boy completed his education in that town. By this time he was a fair English scholar and had an excellent knowledge of the language.

Then he entered a commercial house in San Francisco. His brightness was appreciated and he acquired a good knowledge of business. Every day, however, he longed to return to Japan and see whether his parents and other friends were yet alive. Fortune favored him at last and he secured the position of secretary to the captain of a United States surveying vessel that had been ordered to Asiatic waters. He did not know whether he would be able to reach the coast of Japan after all, but when he arrived at Honolulu he heard the great news that in a few months Japan was to be opened to foreign commerce. So at last he saw his native land again when 21 years old, eight years after he had started on what he expected to be a short journey; but it had carried him beyond all knowledge of his parents and friends.

Heco went home a naturalized American citizen and in the following year he obtained a position in the United States Consulate at Yokohama. Having a capital of a few hundred dollars he soon decided to go into business in a small way as a merchant. It those early days of Japan's intercourse with foreign nations many of the people were not favorably disposed toward men of their own blood who had lived abroad. Heco even came to believe that his wife was in danger from the part of the population that view the admission of foreigners unfavorably. They choose to regard him as more objectionable than a foreigner because he had lived so long abroad, could talk English and had acquired many foreign ideas and habits. So he felt compelled at last to give up trade on his own account and took up the occupation of an interpreter.

Since those days Heco has engaged in various pursuits and on the whole has been successful and is now a very well-to-do citizen of his native country. He has always helped in every possible way to inspire his people with faith in the advantages of western methods of development. His fortunes were long precarious because he was determined to act on lines of progress peculiar to western civilization and the Japanese were very slow, in the first few years, to embrace and assimilate such ideas. He had, for example, a sorry experience as the editor of the first Japanese newspaper in the western meaning of the word. The paper never had more than a few score native subscribers and when it died, very young, for lack of sustenance, it had only two regular native purchasers to mourn its loss.

The fate that carried Heco to America recalls the curious records of involuntary voyages made by natives of Asia to the islands of the sea which were collected and published some years ago by Mr. Otto Sittig. Thus the Bonin Islands were discovered, in 1675 by the crew of a wrecked Japanese junk. Other involuntary voyages from China and Japan to the Hawaiian islands prove beyond doubt the early existence of Chinese and Japanese influence there and go to show the close relationship of the oceanic world to Asia. In 1832 a Japanese junk came ashore at Oahu, on which Honolulu stands. The nine sailors on the junk had been driven from their course and drifted for eleven months, but were still fairly vigorous. 'Now it is plain,' said the Hawaiians, 'when they saw the brown castaways, that we came from Asia.'

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.

The Greatest of all Giants Plays the Bass Horn in the Band.

'For my part,' said the old circus man, 'I like the big bass horn; I never tire of listening to it. If I'm around anywhere where there's a band playing in some public place, for instance like a park, or maybe in some stand built up in the street for a political meeting, I always get around by the bass horn man. I never tire of listening to the man that juggles the thunder and I like to see him play. But what I set out to tell you about was, not how much I like the big bass horn myself, but how about the greatest of all giants used to play it, in our band in the circus.'

'In the street parades that we always gave when we struck a town the band, before we got the giant, used to ride in a band wagon. We had as gorgeous a band wagon as ever rolled, but when the old man decided to play the giant in the band he housed the band wagon for the season, without the slightest hesitation; he knew well enough that the great giant would look a heap sight bigger standing up at his full height and marching along on foot with the band than he would half lost, as he would be setting doubled up in the band wagon, to say nothing of his being mixed up there too, with all the band wagon's jimcrackery. So that year the band walked

in the parades; and the giant marched in the ranks.

'The giant's place was at the left-hand end of the rear rank. I have never yet told you, in feet and inches, just how tall the giant was, because you simply would not believe anything else I should tell you about him. But there at the corner of the band formation he rose up above all the rest of the men like a tower rising up at the corner of some square, one-story building. It was enormously more impressive than any sort of arrangement that could possibly have been made with the giant in the band wagon. But keen and clear-headed as the old man was in all this, he made at the outset one big mistake; he fitted the giant out at the start with a clarinet. The old man's idea in this was that the contrast between the great man and a slender instrument like a clarinet would be funny. And it certainly was funny to see the great giant playing a clarinet, but at the same time it came mighty near to being ridiculous. Of course we provided him with an instrument of suitable size to be in proper proportions to the player; we had a clarinet made for him, about ten, or ten and a half feet long. But, if anything, this only made it worse. You see the whole business was foolishness; it wasn't the thing. What the giant really wanted was some big, massive instrument that should be in keeping with him self. There was nobody realized all this any quicker than the old man did; and at the first glimmering of it in his mind he put in an order for a suitable seized bass horn for the giant.

'It was a month before we got it—you see even with unlimited money back of the order they had to make new shapes to bend and form the various parts of the horn on, and the work took time; but we got it finally, I remember its coming well. It was placed in three hogheads joined together lengthwise and with all the heads knocked out except the end ones. It was about fourteen feet high and of corresponding dimensions throughout, fit horn for the player.

'And could the giant play it? To the limit, as horn was never played before. When I hear the jovial thunder of some bass horn player now I hear the thunderous echo of the giant's great horn.

'Yes, it's true,' boasted Colonel Bragg. 'I've been in innumerable engagements, and yet I never lost my head.' 'And I've been in hundred of them,' replied the summer girl, 'and never lost my heart.'

Are The Kidneys Deranged?

If so Uric Acid Poison is in Your System and Your Sufferings Will be Great—Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Make Healthy Kidneys and Cure all Uric Acid Troubles.

The most painful, the most fatal, and consequently the most dreaded disease of the human body are caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood. The nature of your ailment will be decided by your constitution. The poison left in the blood by deranged kidneys will find lodgment in the weakest part, and set up some dreadful disease.

It may be Bright's disease, diabetes, or dropsy. It may be the twanging pains of rheumatism. It may be chronic stomach troubles or bladder ailments. Whatever the form of disease this poisoned blood may cause, the cure can only be brought about by setting the kidneys right. The experience of tens of thousands of men and women in Canada and the United States points to Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills as the most effective means of setting the kidneys right. No other kidney medicine can produce such irrefutable evidence of its wonderful curative virtue. No other kidney medicine has received such endorsement from physicians. Nor is this to be wondered at, when it is remembered that Dr. Chase is a prince among physicians.

Nature has provided only one means of keeping the blood free from uric acid poisons—the kidneys. Nature's most effective invigorators of the kidneys are combined in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. A. W. Parson, Martinville, Que., writes: 'I was a sufferer from kidney disease and bladder trouble for 18 years, and had a constant desire to urinate with its accompanying weakness.'

'Medicine prescribed by a skilled physician only gave me temporary relief. The trouble would recur at very awkward times. I was persuaded to try Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I obtained relief after one dose, and before I had finished the first box felt better than I had for many years. Purely vegetable in composition, scientifically prepared from the great formula of Dr. A. W. Chase, thoroughly tested in thousands of severe cases, wonderfully efficient in all diseases caused by uric acid in the blood, Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills stand alone in the world's greatest kidney medicine. They prevent and cure disease by ridding the poisonous impurities from the blood. One pill a dose, 36 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

CANCER advertisement with logo and text: 'For Canadian testimonials & 30-page free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicine, 75 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.'

Alaska Swept by a Scourge.

A scourge of sickness and death such as never before was known in Alaska has attacked the Esquimaux population throughout the western and central parts of the territory this year. Tales incredible to one who has not been a personal witness could be told of the awful havoc wrought by disease during the past summer. The white man, of whom there never were so many before in Alaska, has escaped, and even the congested and exposed settlement at Nome where thousands of miners and adventurers were congregated was miraculously saved from an epidemic. But the native, who is always the friend of the whites, for whom he has suffered in a variety of ways since civilization approached his shores, has been stricken as never before. In some native villages, one half of the population has died of disease and starvation. Those who escaped death did so only after severe illness and privation. Being sick, the natives have been unable to engage in their summer occupation of fishing, and the outlook for the winter is as gloomy as the long Arctic night.

All the government officers in Alaska and all the captains of merchant and tramp vessels that have called at this port since spring have told almost incredible stories of the suffering among the Esquimaux. The worst was up the Yukon, among the river natives. Capt. Cantwell, commanding the revenue cutter *Nunivak*, which wintered in the Dall river, a northern branch of the main stream just below the Arctic circle, and has been patrolling the Yukon all summer, took on board here early in the season twenty tons of relief supplies, and these were distributed among the sick and starving natives at the villages on the river. The twenty tons formed only a drop in the bucket. The necessity was far greater than the government realized.

The Esquimaux in other parts of Alaska suffered severely. The epidemic extended throughout the western peninsula along the coast as far north as Cape Lisburne in the Arctic Ocean, and attacked the natives in the islands of Behring Sea and even on the coast of Siberia, opposite the Seward Peninsula. At King's Island, St. Lawrence Island and the few points on the Siberian coast visited by ships this summer the sickness among the natives differed only in extent. The worst conditions were found at Little King's Island, a rock rising suddenly out of the middle of Behring Sea, and famed as the home of the only cliff-dwelling people in this part of the world. On the occasion of our visit all the natives, including the sick, had left the island temporarily, with the evident purpose of trading with white men on the mainland. Only two or three of their little walrus-skin kayaks and their dogs remained behind.

The whole population of King's Island is something like two hundred. Yet we found the bodies of thirty-eight dead men, women and children lying about the doors and on the roofs of the cliff houses. Apparently there were not enough well persons in the community to carry the dead to the burying ground that could be seen a hundred feet higher up on the cliff. It need not be considered singular that the surviving inhabitants, even those who were sick, had gone or been carried away to the mainland in their boats, for an Esquimaux is notoriously careless of his physical well-being. The well wished to go to the mainland to trade, so the sick were taken along with them and this incident is thoroughly characteristic of the customs of the Esquimaux.

Attempts have been made to convey the idea that the natives of Alaska have been suffering this year from a mysterious malady. There is nothing mysterious about it. Pneumonia and modified forms of the disease resembling very closely what is known in the United States as grip are responsible for the greater number of the deaths by which the native population has been awfully decimated. Measles has caused many fatalities. In some instances dysentery and typhoid fever have been found and in most cases the latter disease proved fatal. The wonder is that pneumonia is not always more prevalent than it is among the Esquimaux. They take absolutely no precautions against disease, and if they become heated from violent exercise they take the most convenient and the surest means of cooling off quickly. When going from place to place to trade they pitch their tents or erect their rude shelters wherever convenience first offers a place, and they generally sleep on the ground. There is always ice within a few inches of the surface of the ground even in

midsummer, and a dry spot of earth in northern and western Alaska is hard to find. Rains are frequent and almost constantly there are cool winds. Exposure cannot be avoided without difficulty and the Esquimaux don't try to avoid it.

At St. Lawrence Island, especially at Northwest Cape there was a good deal of suffering among the natives this year. A short distance from the village is a burying ground, with the usual scaffolds built of whalebone and driftwood, where the dead are laid, out of reach of the half-savage Malamute dogs. The graves have been increased since spring by perhaps twenty or thirty, and the burying ground has become so neglected that corpses have fallen from their resting places and have been half devoured by dogs. On the outskirts of this grim looking cemetery the ground is covered with scattered human skulls and disjointed bones. After all, the extent of sickness on St. Lawrence Island has been less this year than at most other places.

Forty miles west from Northwest Cape is Indian Point, Siberia. Here the natives show some slight racial differences from the American Eskimos, but they were afflicted with disease this summer just as their cousins on the Alaska side were. Sickness was found at other points along the Siberian coast, but it did not compare in fatal results with the scourge on the American side.

Contact with white men has been of little benefit to the Eskimos and this has been outweighed a hundred times by the evil effects of white men's influence. In the vicinity of Nome, the great mining camp, the condition of health among the natives was distressing. Lieut. D. H. Jarvis, United States Revenue Cutter Service, who was stationed at Nome during the summer as a special treasury agent took measures for their relief and as a result of his efforts a native village where the Eskimos could receive proper care was established near Nome River, four miles east of the city. There were about a hundred natives in that village. The commandant of the military post was directed by Brig Gen. Randall, commanding the Department of Alaska, to distribute subsistence supplies among them as needed. On the coast farther north, even as far as Cape Lisburne in the Arctic, relief supplies were distributed among the destitute and sick natives by the revenue cutter *Bear*, which visited these points on her regular Arctic cruise. This vessel performed the same benevolent service on behalf of the government at King's Island, St. Lawrence Island and other places where she called. The Cape Lisburne natives were found in better condition than at places farther south, and at Point Barrow, the settlement farthest north in American territory, there was no sickness at all.

Chief Surgeon R. G. Ebert, U. S. A., stationed at this point thus describes the conditions which he found in the small territory between the east shore of Norton Sound and Point Keketautick:

"Accompanied by Father Kookarsky of the Greek church and Mr. Windberg we started in the launch *Nordica* for Cape Alpaluk, seven miles northeast of here [St. Michael]. Here we found John, his wife, five boys and one girl all suffering from the epidemic influenza so rapidly fatal to the natives. A wife and one son were lying dead and unburied in a separate tepee, a short distance removed, surrounded by young puppies and older dogs. Of the members of the family alive, but one, the wife, was at all able to care for herself. The father was in a precarious condition, unable to be removed to the launch, and will in all probability succumb. The oldest son, Dan, was breathing at the rate of about thirty per minute, the lungs being completely congested. The girl was in a state not much better while the younger children, including a nursing babe, were afflicted with an incessant cough. The miserably thin canvas substitute for a tent served but poorly to protect the sick from even the slight drizzling mist then falling.

"Medicines and food, including condensed milk for infants and tea for older members of the family, were given to them for several days, and promises of further assistance when a fatigue party to bury the dead should be sent. A half mile beyond was found a house and tent both unoccupied. The natives had died as shown by recent graves. That the owners were among the wealthier of the natives was evidenced by the possession of two stoves, several trunks, quite a cache of drying

salmon, and clothing showing at least quite a purchasing capacity by the late possessors. Two seines in which salmon and other fish were entangled, partial decomposition showing that at least a fortnight must have elapsed since last drawn, were still in water while a third was on a rack on shore. The recent graves, the last being covered merely by a skin of a kayak (native boat) showed that the natives themselves had attended to burial. The fact that the dogs remained would indicate that no other member of the family existed.

"At Keketautick, the village which at one time must have numbered not less than one hundred inhabitants, and at which the priests expected to find about sixty people, there were but four families, a total of nineteen or twenty souls. Excepting one man, a boy and two half grown girls, all were helpless. Even these were to a greater or less degree suffering from the prevailing sickness and three had died. Beyond a few fish and birds there was no food. To these were given the stores directed to be distributed by me by the Department Commander, Gen. Randall. Epidemic influenza and measles are the prevalent diseases. Owing to the scarcity of food during spring and early summer the ability to assist the thousands of disease has been materially decreased, and in other words, partial starvation adds to the mortality. With the entire community stricken by disease all further sources of food cease so far as the efforts of themselves, the natives, are concerned, and those who do not die directly from the infection, which in many cases seems to terminate in acute tuberculosis, will die of starvation unless relief from government sources is granted.

"As the summer is the time when the native should lay by his winter stores and as this epidemic extends to Cape York, as I have seen by personal observation, and am reliably informed, also down to the coast of the Kuskokwim and up the Yukon for more than 300 miles, it is evident that no native will remain alive by next spring unless immediate measures are taken to feed, clothe and care for these people for the next six months."

Right here in the vicinity of St. Michael the distress among the Esquimaux has been fearful, but the accessibility of those natives has made partial relief promptly feasible. Of a family of seven on the beach near here all were sick, and three of the number had pneumonia. None of the family was able to fish. Dr. Marsh, the post surgeon here, describes a typical case: "An old man and woman and a little girl were found in one of the huts. The hut is partly under ground and has a flat sod roof. Water covers part of the floor. Everything is very damp. They have been moved now to a better house, but there is no one to care for them. They lie in bed all day with no fire in the room. Their only food is sugar, water and the bread issued them by the commissary. The miners and the commercial company have used all the driftwood, so that it is impossible for them to get fuel, not even enough to cook their food."

The revenue cutter *Nunivak* has left this port for her winter quarters in the Dall. She has on board some supplies for distribution among the suffering natives, but it will be impossible at this season to reach them all, and there is certain to be starvation among the natives throughout the Yukon country this winter.

Fishing for Caribs.

In some of the large streams of Venezuela there is a small fish so savage that the people of the country call it, after the aborigines, the earth. It has teeth sharp enough to cut any line or wire, even the shank of a fish-hook. In his book on that country, Ramon Fauz tells how he learned the art of catching caribs. His object was to have an artist paint the fish. On a form: occasion I lost most of my trout-hooks, but I will perceive some larger ones, mounted with copper wire. These I supposed proof against the teeth of any fish, no sooner were we established in the ranch of the ferryman than, taking my lines, I hastened to the river, accompanied by the artist.

The hooks were baited with fresh beef, and dropped near the shore. Scarcely did the bait touch the water when it was seized by caribs. Without allowing them time, as it seemed, to get the whole of it between their jaws, we pulled in the lines, but, alas! minus hooks as well as bait. We discovered that one of the hooks had been cut through, while the other was severed from the wire. Still we persevered, but with the same result.

Greatly annoyed, I turned to question a countryman who stood near laughing at what he considered my simplicity. Another tapped me gently on the shoulder, and addressed me with, "Boy, you might as well attempt to catch a rattlesnake by the tail as to think of hooking one of those chaps."

"What is to be done, then, for I must

have at least a couple of these scoundrels!" said I.

"Who ever saw a genteel young gentleman, like yourself with a taste for such disgusting creatures?" he replied, imagining that I wanted the fish for eating.

On my explaining that I wanted to sketch and preserve them in spirits, the men advised me to procure a piece of tough hide from the head of an ox which was then being slaughtered, and to suspend it from a strip of the same material.

I immediately followed their instructions and repaired again to the river. Seating myself on the stern of the canoe, I dropped my novel bait into the water, and watched for the result with the utmost interest.

In a moment a shoal of caribs collected around the bait, and commenced attacking it voraciously. Finding the thick cartilage too tough even for their sharp teeth, and unwilling to give it up, they kept gnawing at it like so many little hyenas. When I imagined them to be fairly stuck through the thick skin, I lifted the whole concern over the side of the canoe, and had the satisfaction of seeing about a dozen of the fish dancing at the bottom of my barge.

Finding this novel mode of fishing rather easy and entertaining, I continued it until I was suddenly apprised into whose company I had thrust myself by feeling the heel of my left foot seized by one of the captives with such violence as caused me to drop my bait with the vicious creatures that were hanging from it into the river.

My only thought was how to contrive my escape, having the whole length of the canoe to traverse, and its floor paved with these ravenous little wretches. I again appealed to the ingenuity of my former advisers for deliverance. This they readily effected by spreading a gunny bag over the gaping fishes.

Desiccated Vegetables.

In "Camp Fire Chances of the Civil War" an amusing story is told by one of the veterans of the first use of "desiccated vegetables" as a part of army rations. Vegetables of different kinds were first dried separately, then pressed and dried together until they occupied the smallest possible space. The War Department termed the mixture "desiccated vegetables," a name the boys soon modified to "desecrated," but whatever their name, they proved a boon to the army, since fresh vegetables could rarely be obtained. These rations were issued in 1864, and were far from prepossessing in appearance.

One cake of desiccated vegetables was dealt out to each company as vegetable rations for three days. When the first cake came to our company, said the veteran, the boys declined it, and it passed each mess of six or eight men, until it came to us, unbroken. Our cook wanted to pass it by, but curious to see what it would be like, we asked to have it prepared.

The cook thereupon took the regular ten-gallon camp kettle, filled it half-full of boiling water and chucked the vegetable cake in. Soon the beans, corn, rice and peas began to swell and creep over the sides of the kettle.

"What'll I do with this blamed truck?" cried the cook, excitedly. The vegetables poured out at the top and there was a smell of burning at the bottom, for the water had been rapidly absorbed. Another kettle was brought and filled from the first.

The cook then hastily poured water into the first kettle, which was dry and very hot at the bottom. The close packing of the swelling vegetables and the quick generation of steam as the water reached the bottom were too much for the strength of the kettle, and it burst.

The explosion scared the cook and caused the boys who heard it to start for their guns, thinking a shell from the enemy had fallen into camp. Fortunately no one was hurt, but it taught us something of the expansibility of desiccated vegetables. The cook learned that that small cake, vegetables for three hundred dinners, could not be contained, for very long at any rate, in one ten gallon kettle.

Old Teacher.

Among the many epitaphs to be read on Burial Hill, in the historic town of Plymouth, Massachusetts, is one which breathes such defiance to the world at large as is seldom found, even on a grave-stone.

The stone marks the burial-place of Tabitha Piasket, a Plymouth widow who died in 1807. After her husband's death it is said that the widow Piasket taught a private school for children of tender years, and skilfully managed to do her spinning at the same time.

When her small charges became unruly and overstepped the bounds of discipline, Tabitha's favorite mode of bringing them to a sense of their wrong doing was to pass skeins of yarn under their arms, and suspend them from nails on the wall. A

row of little culprits hanging in this way must have been an amusing spectacle, but it appears from Mrs. Piasket's epitaph that her methods did not always meet with approval from parents and friends.

Adia, yala world, I've seen enough of thee;
And I am careless what thou say'st of me:
Thy smiles I wish not,
Nor thy frowns I fear,
I am now at rest, my head lies quiet here.

"I notice you have no automobile coat."

"No; I don't need one."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I really have an automobile, so it isn't necessary for me to put up a bluff."

"You'd better eat it slow," said Johnny to the clergyman, who was dining with the family. "Mamma never gives more'n one piece o' pie."

To Starve is a Fallacy.—The dictum to stop eating because you have indigestion has long since been exploded. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets introduced a new era in the treatment of stomach troubles. It has proved that one may eat his fill of anything and everything he relishes, and one tablet taken after the meal will aid the stomach in doing its work. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—24

"You despise me, Marmaduke?" faltered the wretched girl, in a hard, despairing voice.

The youth shook his head.

"Then why," she cried passionately, "do you look at me as if you were a hotel clerk and I were a guest, registerin'?"

In an access of agony she cast herself, sobbing convulsively, at his feet.

Files cured in 3 to 6 nights.—One application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a boon for Itching Files, or Blind, Bleeding Files. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands without a rival. Thousands of testimonials if you want evidence. 35 cents.—23

Von Blumer—What's the matter? You look sad.

Dimpleton—I feel sad. This morning I deceived my wife for the first time.

"Oh, is that all? Pooh! You'll recover. Don't let that worry you."

"But, it does, old man. She caught me at it."

South American Kidney Cure is the only kidney treatment that has proven equal to correct all the evils that are likely to befall these physical regulators. Hundreds of testimonials to prove the curative merits of this liquid kidney specific in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, irritation of the bladder, inflammation, dropsical tendency. Don't delay.—22

"Come, come, my boy, don't cry," urged the kindly old gentleman. Doubtless your troubles are very real and serious to you, but you should be manly in adversity."

"I can't be," sobbed the boy.

"Why not?" asked the kindly old gentleman.

"Ma won't let me swear!"

Never Worry.—Take them and go about your business—they do their work whilst you are doing yours. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are system renovators, blood purifiers and builders; every gland and tissue in the whole anatomy is benefited, and stimulated in the use of them. 40 doses in a vial, 10 cents.—21

Adelaide—You know love laughs at locksmiths Adolph?

Adolph—Yes, but it doesn't go into a burst of merriment over your papa's No 8 boots.

Death or Lunacy seemed the only alternative for a well-known and highly respected lady of Wingham, Ont., who had travelled over two continents in a vain search for a cure for nervous debility and dyspepsia. A friend recommended South American Nerve. One bottle helped, six bottles cured, and her own written testimony closes with these words: "It has saved my life."—20

"Somebody says that Sir Thomas Lipton has embarked on the choppy sea of speculation."

"Pork choppy, of course."

Heart relief in half an hour.—A lady in New York State, writing of her cure by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, says: "I feel like one brought back from the dead, so great was my suffering from heart trouble and so almost miraculous my recovery through the agency of this powerful treatment. I owe my life to it."—19

"I pity authors who have to lead such sedentary lives."

"Sedentary! You don't call chasing publishers a sedentary life, do you?"

When Rheumatism doubles a man up physician and sufferer alike lose heart and often despair of a cure, but here's the exception. Wm. Pegg, of Norwood, Ont., says: "I was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I got three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure and they cured me. It's the quickest acting medicine I ever saw."—18

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, somebody's maid here in the police court actually got up and insisted that she is a kleptomaniac."

Eyes and Nose ran Water.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: "I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes." 50 cents.—17

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Piles cured in 3 to 6 nights.—An application gives relief. Dr. Agnew's treatment is a boon for itching Piles, or hemorrhoids, or bleeding Piles. It relieves quickly and permanently. In skin eruptions it stands out a rival. Thousands of testimonials on want evidence. 35 cents.—23

Blumer—What's the matter? You are sad. I feel sad. This morning I missed my wife for the first time. Oh, is that all? Poo! You'll recover. Let that worry you. But, it does, old man. She caught me.

South American Kidney Cure.—The only kidney treatment that has proven itself to correct all the evils that are likely to befall these physical regulators. Hundreds of testimonials to prove the curative effects of this liquid kidney specific in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, irritation of bladder, inflammation, dropsical tendency. Don't delay.—22

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Chat of the Boudoir.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

If it is true that a milliner needs as much artistic taste to be successful in her work as a good painter, she has special need of it this season, since the tendency toward broad, low effects in hats is a feature which requires very careful consideration. One of the latest hats is marvellously constructed, with no crown at all and resembles a sugar scoop quite as much as anything else. It is made of panne or velvet, gathered or tucked and faced with a contrasting color. A large black velvet rose completely covers all the crown there is to the hat, so they have the appearance of having none at all, and the brim is made of folds overlapping each other, either in panne, mauline or chiffon. A fold of silk edged with chenille set in at intervals makes the brim very effective, and some of these flat crowned hats are made entirely of folds of cloth with raw cut edges. In light colors they are very effective.

The hats classified under the head of toques are the things for the winter, and they are quite as varied in style as any of the other varieties. It is the fur toque which will find favor later on. It is round flat and broad, boat shaped or three cornered, as you find most becoming. Toques all fur, such as mink, chinchilla or sable, are trimmed with a bunch of roses, a large rosette of chiffon at one side, or for the more flat toque, a large spreading bow of colored panne ribbon lying quite flat in the crown with a gold buckle in the centre. Combination of fur and velvet are very good style, and while it is the most unbecoming of all the furs, ermine is added to the list for this style of hat. White glace silk is used for tucked or shirred crowns in some of the sable hats, and there is the rich and effective use of lace with fur.

The velvet toque with flowers at one side are extremely pretty, but the one great point in making a selection is to choose the shape which has dimensions in proportion to your height. The outline of a short woman with an extremely broad toque on her head is almost ludicrous. The new beaver felts in combination with panne and variously manipulated as to shape make very stylish hats. Felt cut in circular pieces overlapping each other in graduated sizes forms one of the stylish hat models, and a large bow of soft ribbon caught down with a buckle directly in the centre is the trimming. The effect is quite flat of course, but as the felt pieces are all faced with cloth or velvet they separate enough to be effective, and a little band arranged at one side raises the hat from the head just enough to give it a jaunty air. Hats, or rather turbans, are made entirely of feathers, and the Impayan breasts on the velvet and cloth hats are also very stylish.

Something unique in the way of a dress trimming is made of cloth in a pale biscuit shade, cut in Grecian and other odd conventional designs in two or three different widths, the narrow ones stitched on the wider, giving a raised effect.

The ribbons this season are charmingly varied in flowered, striped and spotted designs, the panette ribbons being especially soft and rich.

Cloth lace, or an applique trimming of cream cloth finished around the edges with a small white silk cord, is one of the popular decorations for gowns and revers of the fancy coats.

Girdle belts made of ribbon are one of the novelties in the shops. They are wide, pointed in front, and made on a bonded foundation to keep them in shape. Tiny little gold knob buttons fasten the plaits, laid in the ribbon in vertical lines.

Gold cloth made with a design in the weaving is one of the latest novelties.

Belting of panne velvet polka dotted with white and edged with gold cord serves a good purpose with flannel waists worn with tailor made skirts, but the panne or the spots should match the waist in color.

A popular garniture for gowns and opera cloaks is made of chiffon to represent flowers attached to embroidered stems. Violets are not too complicated for this branch of industry, and they are really very natural in coloring and effect. Taffeta silk is also used for various kinds of flowers for evening gowns.

One of the latest varieties of hat pins is an irregular shaped pearl, set around with diamonds and flange gold if it is genuine.

But the imitation pearl set with rhinestones is a much cheaper edition.

White satin seems to be the popular coat lining for both short fancy coats and long garments for evening or day wear.

Pannes in Persian colorings and designs are much used for waists, as also are figured velveteens.

Castor gloves are very fashionable for street wear, and then there are the heavy dressed kid gloves with pique stitched seams.

There seems to be no limit to the varied possibilities of tucks, and now we have them in fur, as if it were not expensive enough without doubling up in its value in that manner. Brietschwanz is the one pelt which can be successfully manipulated in this way to its beauty. The short blouse jackets is shown in one style, with three tucks at either side of the front beginning at the shoulder and narrowing in at the waist.

Bolero jackets of Irish lace edged with a narrow band of fur are worn over blouses of cream oriental satin with skirts of cloth in palest gray or biscuit color.

Irish lace is very popular for millinery as well as gown trimming.

Soft felt hats in very pale colors trimmed with black velvet and flowers are one of the new features of millinery.

Demands for the new art jewelry seem to be increasing. The gold is tinted to harmonize with whatever jewels are used, so the effect of color is charming. Bolt buckles are especially desirable, but of course there is the usual variety of brooches and trinkets.

Russian ribbon belting is very much worn, since it not only encircles the waist but the collar band as well.

Handsome buckles in all sizes and kinds are very much used for belts, for fastening ends and straps of velvet and for the centre of rosettes and butterfly bows.

Tiny pink roses are worn as a coiffure decoration, in the evening, arranged in a close wreath around the knot, which is dressed high on the head and fastened with a small black velvet bow. Alsatian bows of black tulle are another decoration very becoming to some women.

Small hats made entirely of the breast feathers of different birds are one of the fads in millinery, and are trimmed with a bunch of flowers on a rosette of velvet or musseline.

When Winter Comes.

All the woolen garments that have been packed away through the spring and summer should be pinned firmly on the clothes line and then shaken and beaten. Let them air for several hours and then place them in the closets of drawers where they be long. If the day be clear, with some wind, they should be free from odors at the end of five or six hours. As soon as the summer garments are changed for the fall or winter ones, all the woolen ones that require washing should be washed and pressed. The others, such as dresses, jackets, men's and boys' flannel suits, should be thoroughly brushed with a coin broom, the pockets turned inside out and every particle of dust wiped from them. They should then be pinned on the line, beaten with a rattan and aired for several hours. Have an old sheet spread in the trunk or box in which the articles of clothing are to be kept, and sprinkle it liberally with naphtha. Have the under flannels and all white or light woolen garments folded smoothly, and lay them on the sheet. Sprinkle with naphtha. When all the light goods have been placed in the trunk, fold the dark goods, and after placing them on the sheet, sprinkle again with naphtha, and fold the sheet over them. Close the trunk and your garments will be safe from moths for any length of time. There must be no fire in the room and the windows must be opened while this work goes on. After the gas has passed off which will be in a couple of hours, there is no danger from light or fire. If one objects to naphtha, chloroform can be used. Pack all the clothing in one sheet. When all the garments are in the trunk, draw the sheet over them.

Some Helpful Hints. One excellent housekeeper keeps a blue denim bag with a drawing string in the top, suspended from the back of the head of the bedstead, into which she puts, each morning, any stray feathers which may have escaped from her pillows. At each house cleaning season, the contents of this bag are emptied into one of her pillows. In this manner pillows may be kept plump and light for years.

Puffs (comoribles) may be kept clean and sweet almost indefinitely by facing the head end of each with any light washable material to the depth of six inches. This should be done by hand, and can be easily ripped off whenever soiled, washed and replaced. A half day's airing and sunning upon the line occasionally is also necessary.

The kitchen range may be kept clean by blacking only the sides, etc., giving the top, hearth and shelves a daily washing with strong soap-suds; an occasional washing with a weak solution of molasses or sugar and water, gives the stove a fine polish. This last was learned from one of New England's most extensive dealers in kitchen ranges, and has been highly appreciated. Cooks will find the stove much cleaner when treated in this manner, than when kept blackened, besides the saving of labor.

The labor of sweeping the kitchen may be materially lessened by keeping a whisk broom and dust pan near the range, to be used to gather up any litter which may be made; with this arrangement one thorough sweeping of the kitchen per day will suffice in ordinary homes.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

A Gorgeous Description of Her Self-Possession and Grace.

An observant writer has this to say with reference to the modern woman: 'How young the well-dressed women of 45 or 50 look, how free from care and responsibility. There is no single detached word in our language large enough to express the complex impression made by these straying matrons of high fashion. The immediate sense of wealth, of habitual self-indulgence, of custom to command the unmistakable expectation of being obsequiously waited upon, which brings a head waiter as surely as a familiar whistle calls a dog—all this is intensely amusing, and to the woman devoid of footman and lady's maid makes an interesting study. Environment has certainly made grand dames of these ladies, without doubt or controversy.'

'And the maidens, typical high-class young women of the last of the century, what a strange development they are from the circumstances, the traditions and the opinions of their grandmothers! Straight, athletic, and undisturbed by crowds, or pushing, half-discourteous men, how loudly they laugh, how distinctly, and freely they talk, of the season, of dress, of the coming wedding, or the last broken engagement. How brown they are, especially their hands, brilliant with dazzling rings, and how rough and unkempt their hair! What curious, fanciful clothes they wear, and what wonderful combs and buckles. And if she chafes to lunch next a trio of these very independent young girls no elderly woman will fail to be surprised at what they eat, while they laugh and chaff each other like schoolboys and restlessly put up their hands to press uncertain combs into their loose rolls of fluff hair. They are fine specimens of physical health, with firm shoulders and quite astonishing muscular arms, but they are not fascinating, nor does the new alert, commanding manner charm.'

YOUR OWN VOICE.

You Have No Idea How It Sounds to Other People.

'One of the strangest things in life,' said an amateur philosopher, 'is the fact that we never really become acquainted with our own voices, although we've been listening to them ever since we can remember. Did you ever hear yourself talk in a phonograph? No? Well, try it the next time you have a chance, and you will not only be astonished, but what is still stranger, you will be disappointed—probably a little shocked. Everybody has that experience.'

'I supposed that I was perfectly familiar with my own voice, and thought, privately, that it was rather agreeable. I had been told so plenty of times by other people, and never knew that they were only jollying me until I made a phonographic record and set it grinding. At first word I jumped back in dismay and nearly pulled my ears off in the listening tubes. 'Merciful heavens! I said to myself, 'is it possible I talk like that?' I thought there must be something the matter with the cylinder and called in a friend to hear it, he grinned with delight. 'That's one of the most natural records I ever heard in my life,' he declared heartily and I yearned for his gorge. But, as I had just remarked everybody who tries the experiment has the same experience. The voice is always absolutely unfamiliar and positively unpleasant. Yet, there is a certain something about it that differentiates it from any other voice; you ever heard them in your life—something indescribable, that gives you a little secret thrill clear down in soles of your feet. It is the voice of the 'mysterious' body which you inhabit and don't know.'

Restful Nooning.

The energy of one of the oldest inhabitants of a Massachusetts town is a byword among his neighbors and a trial to his grandchildren, who have not inherited their full share of his active tempers. His grandson John, in particular, suffers

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

HOW TO COOK SWEET POTATOES.

The Southern Way and the Delicious Result That it Produces.

'I see that there is to be an exceptionally large crop of sweet potatoes this year,' observed the Southerner in the party, 'and I am sure that the New Yorkers if they knew the proper way to prepare the vegetable. Now, I flatter myself that I do know, for the sweet potato is an appreciated vegetable in the South and the manner of cooking it, has not been carelessly considered. I have never eaten sweet potatoes in any but one form since I tasted them first, and in that way they first became known to most Southerners, who indeed continue to eat them so during most of their lives. The potatoes should be peeled and boiled until they are thoroughly but not too well cooked.'

Then they should be cut into four pieces lengthwise and placed in a tin baking pan. Butter and sugar should be placed over the potatoes abundantly before they are put in the oven to bake slowly. After while, the butter and sugar, mingling with the juice of the potatoes, forms a delicate crust that should be cooked until it has almost reached the point at which it is candy. Under this crust is a thick, rich syrup of the sap of the potatoes, sugar and butter. Anybody who has eaten sweet potatoes in this way will never be satisfied with any other way of cooking them. The principal merit of this method lies, of course, in having them thoroughly cooked. The fire must be slow and the cooking must continue until the sugar and butter on top of the potatoes have formed a crust.

It is this unwillingness to cook things long enough that interferes with the success of many New York dishes. Take a boiled ham, for instance. Few of the boiled hams in New York are cooked. They are generally more or less raw in the centre, merely because nobody is willing to take the necessary time to have them thoroughly boiled. One hotel in New York had for years a reputation for the ham served at its free lunch. It was good, but merely because it had been sufficiently cooked. The old rule, and the one that is followed in the South today, is to boil a ham one half hour for every pound. Thus a ten-pound ham ought to be allowed to boil for five hours, and in that way, the meat will be kept firm, dry and sweet, throughout, instead of raw and wet in the centre and cooked until it is as dry as a bone at the ends. That is a method of cooking that makes a ham in the South so very different from the kind New York eats.'

TO THE DEAR.

A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,500 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to the Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

The Preacher Was Glad She Swore

The daughter of a well known clergyman in Washington had a severe attack of scarlet fever when she was three years old, which resulted in deafness. Up to that time she had been a regular little chatter-box, doing her infantile best to carry out the proverbial.

Being a woman she'll talk forever. Upon her recovery her parents were nearly heartbroken to find that she had not only lost her hearing, but the power of speech as well. Whether she had really forgotten how to talk or whether it was obscurity or lack of confidence they could not determine, but despite all efforts of the best tutors the child remained a mute.

One day when she was nearly 10 years of age she was playing with a cat, and with as much cruelty as though she were of the sterner sex, she used its tail as a handle with which to pick it up. The poor animal, not appreciating the economic use of the aforesaid tail, inflicted a deep scratch across the chubby little hand. 'Damn that cat!' she said, flinging it down.

And her father, devoutly as he was, clasped his hands and raising his eyes to Heaven, exclaimed: 'Thank God, that child has spoken at last!'

A certain method for curing cramps, diarrhoea and dysentery is by using Pain-Killer. This medicine has contained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry D. vis. 25 and 50c.

THE LAMP OF EXPERIENCE.

Even a lunatic may not wholly lack the power to reason. This truth appears in a story Life tells of the inspection of an asylum by the trustees.

Walking through the grounds, they came upon a party of workmen who were repairing a wall. One of the harmless patients, apparently assisting in the work, was pushing a wheelbarrow along upside down. 'My friend,' said a kind-hearted trustee, gently, 'you should turn your wheelbarrow over.' 'Not on your life!' replied the patient. 'I turned it over yesterday, and they put bricks in it!'

APIOL & STEEL

For Ladies PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pin Cochin, Pennyroyal, etc.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martine Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Use the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

'The Universal Perfume.' For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

HEROIC TEXAS GIRL.

Her Terrible Encounter With Two Alligators—She Finally Killed Them.

Savannah Walston, a pretty Texas girl, is the heroine of the little town of Tunis, on the Boyon Sarab, an arm of the Brazos. She made herself famous a few days ago by killing two monster alligators that had entered her mother's cottage during the night.

Few men would have been capable of performing the feat that this brave girl accomplished. The house occupied by Mrs. Walston stands within 20 feet of a large irrigating ditch, across there is a small foot bridge. The yard gate opens at this little bridge, and a wire fence extends some 20 feet either way along the bank of the ditch and then turns at a sharp right angle and joins the corners of the house. This makes a small front yard which was but one gate.

It is supposed that the two monster alligators were prowling along the irrigating ditch in search of food when they encountered the foot bridge, and in crossing over it they may have pushed the little gate open. Miss Savannah Walston was sleeping on a cot on the little porch in front of the open door of her mother's room, and a little negro boy 6 years of age was lying under a china tree in the yard. Mrs. Walston, who was sick at the time, occupied a bed in the parlor of the cottage and her little baby was lying in a cradle within easy reach of her hand. She says that she heard the alligators for some moments before she called her daughter. The moon was shining almost as bright as day, and when Miss Savannah was aroused by her mother she raised up on her cot and put one of her hands on the head of one of the monsters. At that instant a little dog that had ran out of Mrs. Walston's room was snapped between the jaws of another alligator at the young girl's side.

In her fright she sprang over one of the monsters in order to reach her mother's bed. Both of the alligators pursued her across the floor and one of them turned the cradle over. The little baby fell out on the carpet. Miss Savannah had reached the bed in safety, but when she heard the cries of her baby sister she sprang back on the carpet and rescued the child almost from the jaws of one of the saurians.

Mother and daughter were now standing upon the bed, but they were not sure that they occupied a position beyond the reach of their hungry assailants. The noise awoke the little negro, and the women saw him running towards them. They shouted to him warning him of the danger, and telling him to run outside of the yard. Evidently he did not know what was the trouble, for he ran towards the bed, stumbling over one of the alligators and falling with his head right into the mouth of the other.

The women were helpless to defend the unfortunate little African. The monster crushed the little negro's head between its jaws, and the women could plainly see the child's blood streaming over the carpet. "To add to the terror of the scene," says Mrs. Walston, "the other alligator seized the little negro's legs and they tore the child's body to fragments before our eyes. We did not know what to do. At one moment we thought of springing out on the floor and trying to escape and run to the house of a neighbor."

While the women were hesitating in their fright a curious thing happened. On the previous day Mrs. Walston had ordered a large mirror which she had set on the floor against one of the walls of the parlor. The male alligator caught the reflection of his own image in this glare and with a furious bellow he plunged at it and shivered the costly mirror to fragments. This seemed to enrage the creature, he began to bellow and run about over the house, overturning everything that came in his way. Miss Savannah says she threw pitchers, wash bowls, glass tumblers, and boxes of matches into the monster's open mouth and he would crush and swallow such things as if they were delicacies that tickled his palate.

While the smaller of the two creatures was overturning the stove and destroying the kitchen furniture the other remained in the parlor terrorizing the two women. He would doubtless finally have succeeded in overturning the bed if Miss Savannah had not adopted a plan of battle which put an end to the existence of the two terrors. Her brother's gun was banging against the wall on the opposite side of the room. She determined to take advantage of the first opportunity and get hold of the weapon. Her mother tried to dissuade her from such a desperate venture, but when the big saurian left the room for a moment she sprang out on the carpet and ran after

the gun. The alligator heard her steps and he pursued her to the bed, snapping his hideous jaws and making a noise that would have paralyzed a less courageous girl.

Miss Savannah says that she had never shot a gun before in her life, but she had often seen her brother handle a rifle and she had some knowledge of the way the liner was worked in order to load and eject the shells from the barrel. Her heart boun ed for joy when she found the magazine of the gun full of cartridges. Aiming well at one eye of the big bull she fired and had the satisfaction of seeing him cavort about over the carpet as if there was something hot inside his head. She pumped a few more shots into his body behind his forelegs and it was not long before he rolled over lifeless. Then the female came crawling into the room.

Savannah sent a hot bullet into its body. The furious animal turned and ran straight towards the bed with wide open jaws, and, furious with pain and rage, she got her forefoot on the bed, and the women were now worse frightened than before. The horrible jaws of the maddened creature were close to their bodies. Savannah pushed the barrel of the gun into the alligator's mouth and fired. It was a fortunate shot. The big ball tore through the full length of the creature's backbone, and it fell, quivering and lifeless, on the carpet.

The smoke had hardly cleared and the women had not yet dared to venture from the bed when A. Nelson, a neighbor, entered the gate and asked if they were having a battle with burglars. The man could hardly credit his own eyesight when he saw the carcasses of the two big alligators lying on the carpet. Other citizens of the little town were soon gazing in wonder at the dead alligators and the wrecked turniture. They proved to be two of the largest alligators ever killed in the country. The people of the little town have voted Miss Savannah the bravest girl in Texas, and the young men of the place gave a ball in her honor and crowned her mascot of their military company and the queen of the hunting club.

FEVER.

The use of Water a Potent Factor in its Treatment.

In health the temperature of the body remains practically the same, uninfluenced by that of the surrounding atmosphere. It is almost constantly at 98.6° Fahrenheit, or close to it, whether the person is exercising or resting, and whether he lives in the tropics or within the arctic circle. This is so true that one of the most positive signs of disease or derangement of the normal functions is an increased body temperature, which we call fever.

It is usually said that fever is due to the poisoning of the blood with septic matter—with the so-called toxins formed by bacteria. But this cannot be the sole cause, for some of the highest elevations of body temperature ever recorded have been in hysteria. A fever of 108°, occurring with organic disease, is almost always fatal if continued for more than the briefest time, yet in hysteria a temperature of 112° or 115° has repeatedly been observed and no harm has come from it.

The symptoms associated with fever are headache, a flushed face, suffused eyes, sensitive to the light, pains in the muscles, lassitude, dryness of the mouth, thirst, loss of appetite, a foul breath, a quick and bounding pulse, and often an increased rapidity of respiration. Yet there may be a high fever with few or none of these symptoms; and, on the other hand, many of these may be present in a case of simple indigestion or other slight ailment, without any fever.

Formerly one of the physician's chief concerns in an acute fever was to lower the temperature, but now it is known that fever is only a symptom, and seldom a dangerous one. The physician's attack is therefore made against the disease itself, or if that is of a kind for which no remedy has yet been discovered, his energies are directed to the support of the patient's strength and of his heart until the disease has worn itself out, as it will do after a definite period.

Exceptionally, the fever runs so high that the patient's life seems to be endangered by it. Then some of the so-called antipyretic remedies are given, or the body is cooled by a cold bath or by sponging with ice-water.

In any fever, whatever its nature, the drinking of water—cool, but noticed—is of

sovereign utility and the patient should be encouraged to drink as much as he can, if the stomach is tolerant. If the stomach is very irritable, water should be given by means of enemas, while pellets of ice may be swallowed from time to time.

A Python Loose in a Gunboat.

The ship's company of H. M. S. Rattler had an exciting and, as it turned out, not altogether unamusing experience recently. The event, as described in the Singapore Free Press, must have given actors and spectators a lively quarter of an hour.

There were two pets on board the gunboat, a big Borneo orang-utan and a fine specimen of a python. The reptile, which was nineteen or twenty feet in length, having dined heartily on a deer about three weeks before, began to feel its appetite returning, and in searching about its box for a place of egress, found one side in bad repair. It did not take that python long to come through the weak part, and quite unobserved, it began its perambulations around the gunboat.

Seeing the orang-utan chained up a few yards off, the big snake invited itself to a dinner very much to its taste, and at once coiled for a spring. It would soon have been all over with poor Jack if the quarter master had not at that moment made the discovery that the two pets were about to be merged into one. He promptly cut Jack loose.

The orang-utan was up at the masthead before any mischief could be done, and Lieutenant Larking, the proprietor of the orang-utan, the quartermaster and another of the crew flung themselves on the hungry python, one at the head, another at the tail, and a third in the middle.

Then the fun began, for the python wanted to get one of the aggressors nicely into its coils and cuddled up against something hard, and the men were determined it should be kept out in something as nearly approaching a straight line as possible.

For a minute it was the Lucocon group over again, only in this case three men and one snake were sprawling all over the deck instead of standing upright in a classic attitude.

Reinforcements, however, arrived in hot haste, and about twenty sturdy bluejackets, each embracing a foot of python, reduced the reptile to comparative quiescence. The procession marched back to the python's box, coiled the creature inside and shut it up. But Jack sat aloft at the masthead for a long time before he came to the conclusion that he was off the menu for the day.

Christ in the Temple.

One of the most touching incidents in the life of Christ was the scene in the Temple, where, as a boy of twelve, he was found in deep discussion with the chief priests and sages of the Jewish faith. It is a subject which has ever appealed to the poet and painter, and few episodes in the career of our Saviour have been more reverently depicted by pen and pencil.

The greatest of all the pictures in which the child Jesus is shown in the Temple in disputation with the Rabbis, was painted by Hofman, the German master. The coloring of this painting is superb; and the drawing of the faces of the principals wonderful. This is particularly true of the face of Jesus—the countenance is full of boyish beauty, interfused with a high and holy intelligence. No more beautiful conception of the face and figure of the Master has ever been placed on canvas. Around Him are shown the Rabbis, grave and thoughtful men, whose astonishment at the wisdom of the youth is strikingly depicted.

The painting, "Christ in the Temple," has been accurately reproduced in the most delicate colors in keeping with the subject. It is in size 17 x 24 inches, and is a beautiful study for every Christian home.

Our readers will be interested in knowing that the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, have secured the right of this famous picture for their subscribers this year.

They have also another interesting picture entitled "HOME FROM THE WAR" representing the happy return of one of our Canadian soldiers from South Africa. It is a splendid souvenir of the late war, and appeals at once to every Canadian. It has been specially painted for the Family Herald and Weekly Star, and will be sent along with the picture. "Christ in the Temple" to every Family Herald subscriber now or renewal.

An interesting descriptive pamphlet will be sent free to any of our readers sending a request for it by postal card to the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal.

Tall Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.

Neglected colds often bring pneumonia and lung diseases. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam will stop your cold almost instantly. Never fails. 25c, at all druggists.

BLOOD POISONING

FOLLOWS A WOUND IN THE KNEE CAUSED BY A PITCHFORK.

Five Doctors in Consultation Gave the Sufferer but Little Hope of Recovery—How His Life Was Saved.

Brookville Recorder.

Among the old families in the township of Agusta, in the neighboring county of Greenville, there is none better known or more influential, than those that bear the name of Bissell. The Bissells were among the earliest settlers in the township and have ever since taken an active part in all moves to promote its welfare. The subject of this narrative, Mr. Silas Bissell, is one of the younger members of the family, who some years ago left Canada to make his home in the state of Nebraska. He has passed through an experience almost unique, and considers that he is fortunate in being alive to tell the tale.

The story as told in Mr. Bissell's own words, is as follows:—"In the autumn of 1898 I sustained a serious injury through having the times of a pitchfork penetrate my right knee. The wound apparently healed, but I did not enjoy the same health I had previous to the accident, and it was but a short time before I was compelled to take to my bed on account of excruciating pains in my limbs and stiffness in my joints. A doctor was called in, and he lanced the knee three times, and then told me the trouble was blood poisoning. He treated me for some time, but I steadily grew worse, and finally five physicians were called in for consultation. My entire system seemed to be affected, and the doctors said the trouble had reached one of my lungs, and that they could hold out but little hope of my recovery. After remaining in bed for eleven weeks, I decided that I would return to my old home in Canada. I was so much run down, and so weak that it was a question whether I would live to reach there, but I was nevertheless determined to make an effort to do so. After a long journey under these most trying circumstances, I reached my old home. I was so used up, and presented such an emaciated appearance that my friends had no thought that I would recover. I continued to drag along in this condition for several months, when one day a cousin asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was willing to try any medicine that was likely to cure me, and I sent for a supply of the pills. After I had been using the pills for about three weeks I felt an improvement in my condition. From that time I gradually grew better; new blood seemed coursing through my veins, the stiffness in my joints disappeared, and the agonizing pains which had so long tortured me, vanished. I took in all ten or twelve boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have no hesitation in saying that I believe they saved my life, for when I returned to Canada, I had no hope of recovery."

Mr. Bissell has since returned to his old home at Lincoln, Neb., but the statements made above can be vouched for by any of the neighbors in the vicinity of his old home.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such apparently hopeless cases as Mr. Bissell's because they make new, rich, red blood, and thus reach the root of the trouble. These pills are the only medicine offered the public that can show a record of such marvelous cures after doctors had failed. If you are at all unwell, this medicine will restore you to health, but be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The Interesting Case of a Black Cat and Neighboring Families Estranged.

This is a tale to demonstrate that circumstantial evidence is not always good evidence. It caused a rupture of friendly relations between two women that was finally adjusted by the merest accident.

But hereby hangs a tale which involves the question of circumstantial evidence, and that murder will out. There are two Baltimore families in the western section of the city living next door to each other who for a season did not speak as they passed by, but are now on the most amicable terms, and all this on account of a black cat.

These two housewives may be designated as Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., the former being the owner of the cat in question, by which much store was set. It appears that Mrs. B. objected to the frequent visits to her back yard made by Mrs. A.'s cat and on one day it is alleged that she was overheard to say that she would poison the intruder that very night. It followed next morning that the cause of the annoyance was discovered on the back lot as dead as Julius Cæsar.

Now, what other inference could Mrs. A. draw but that Mrs. B. had put her threat into execution? That the deed had been done by Mrs. B. There existed no doubt in the mind of her next door dweller, and so she straightway accused her neighbor of having committed the "crime."

This Mrs. B. vigorously denied. The result was that all neighborly intercourse came abruptly to an end. So much for circumstantial evidence.

Now what happened subsequently is the sequel which restored friendly relations between the two families. A gentleman living in the same block had a pet canary at this time. One evening he discovered

a big black cat in his room. But this was not all, for the cat was then and there making a meal of the bird. Now what was more natural than for the gentleman to slaughter the destroyer of his feathered songster, caught red-handed, as it were, in the very act? A short time after this latter occurrence the owner of the canary incidentally related to Mrs. A. the loss of his pet bird and how he had slain a black cat on a particular evening.

All doubt having been now removed Mrs. A. lost no time in acquainting Mrs. B. with the facts in the case, and so the two ladies kissed and made up.

A NEW SOCIETY GAME.

In Which Wit as Well as Knowledge is Important.

A new game is being introduced into social circles which requires considerable wit as well as general knowledge. It is called "guess." Participants in the game place questions in a receptacle, which are taken out by one of the party and then each member writes an answer. Each question must be answered with the name of a man who has gained some sort of fame during the past hundred years. At a recent social gathering the game was tried and the following questions and bright answers appeared:

Why did England so often lose her way in South Africa? Mr. Rhodes.

What did the Emperor of China do when the empress usurped the throne? Custer.

What did Isaac watch while his father was forging a chain? Abraham Lincoln.

What is L Hung Chang credited with being? Schley.

The lane that has no turning is a what? Longstreet.

What is in the graves of the three Kings that followed Richard III? Henry Clay.

What does Aguinaldo keep between himself and the Americans? Miles.

What do the waves do to a vessel wrecked near shore? Beecher.

If the statue of liberty came to life it would be a what? Livingstone.

What does a ship do to a seasick man? Rockefeller.

What is the end of the Philippine war often thought to be? Nye.

What will Turkey's exchequer be if she pays the indemnity claim? Leiter.

What is the chair boy likely to do to the old lady he has to push on a hot day? Wheeler.

What is a novel military name for a cook? Kitchener.

When do you get up to see a sunrise? Early.

What were Burns and Southey in infancy? "Little Bobs."

When Max O'Rell gets on a platform what does he do? Speaks Reed.

What does a waiter do after he has filled half of the glasses at a table. Fill more.

What does the wind do in a collection of dry her? Russell Sage.

In the settlement of disputes do the European nations quarrel? General Lee.

What did the Jews say when the mother of Samuel passed? Mark Hanna.

The big Northern Pacific, while being built had to pay a big what for meat? Buffalo Bill.

Can Cataract Be Cured.

Shepherd G. Frost, Chatham, N. B., writes: "For a number of years I have been troubled with cataract and headache, and have tried many remedies during that time, but without avail. At last I heard of your medicated air treatment and procured a Cataractone outfit. Within twenty-four hours my headache disappeared, and has not since returned, and in a short time I have been completely cured of Cataract. I recommend Cataractone as the safest and cheapest cure for Cataract. One bottle did the trick for me." Cataractone is sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for ten cents in stamps. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

"What kind of music," asked the leader of the mandolin orchestra, "do you think your wife will want?"

"Well," said the man who had called, "it's a sewing society of some kind that's to meet at the house. I guess any kind of ragtime music would be appropriate."

Fatnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor Contains no acids or other injurious chemical compounds; is neither caustic, corrosive or irritating; but soothes, and eases from the first application, and acts quickly. If you want an irritating and flesh eating remedy do not ask for Fatnam's, it acts just the other way. For sale at all druggists.

"I suppose you expect to come out of this campaign with colors flying," said the friend.

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "the only color I have seen flying in my vicinity to any great extent was in the nature of what the populace call 'the long green.'"

"Twombly says he thinks he'll go in for yachting. He's more than half equipped all ready."

"Has a yacht, eh?"

"No; the clothes."

Will Manning, Modern Sportsman.

Will Manning, his schoolmates said, could get more time out of day than any other boy about the Saranac Lakes.

Will's father is a section boss on the railroad, with little time to spare, and depends on Will to shorten his day by as much time as the wood pile or garden requires.

That afternoon he paddled his home made canvas canoe to Bluff Rock Island down the lake, and looked back over his course between the islands.

It was in some such way as this that most of the sixteen year-old boy's desires originated. His father taught him to use a shotgun, but a deer track led him to want a rifle—which he got by selling berries.

The more he thought about a camera the more he wanted one. Only the week before, as he was going up the Stony Creek ponds on a camping-out expedition alone, he saw a deer among the lily pads six rods, or less, away.

Months later, in the fall, over a parting ridge top one night, he said to his father: "Can I get me a camera?"

"Yes. What are you going to get it with?"

"There's those traps you used to use." "That's so," said the man. "I'd get some animal oil and try for a fox if I were you."

So Will set a line of traps up the lake shore and through the woods to the top of Ampersand Mountain; but he caught only minks, muskrats and skunks; the foxes were too shy. At Christmas time he owned a camera that would do the kind of work he wanted of it fairly well.

His learning to take, develop and print pictures was in keeping with his setting trap. He went about it just as he had begun to shoot with a rifle. He put up a mark.

Gyp, the hound, and a spotted pointer, one at a time, observing the focus, stops and time. Then he went hunting with his camera. He ran foxes with bounds, but Reynard being a wise dweller of rocky hills beyond camera range only photographed a rabbit.

Gyp, as a mere dog, is a trite subject, but Gyp galloping on a fox track is a picture of general interest. That was written by Will on his first good print, and he endeavored to make every subject a story in itself.

In the course of time the inevitable happened. Will saw the difference between his own 4x4 plates and the 5x7, 8x10 and 11x14 taken with a first class lens; and in his mind he wished for a 5x7 of the finest quality. With such a one, he knew he could get beautiful pictures. He did a little work for which he was paid, and cleared the cost of his camera and materials in that way, but did not earn enough to buy a hundred dollar lens.

One day in July there was news for the hunters and summer people around Saranac Lake. Before daylight that morning the long-drawn, quivering cry of a panther came thrusting down Ampersand mountain stirring the night echoes, startling the campers and bringing back memories of wilder days to the old-time sportsman.

Will Manning was on Ampersand Pond that night with his camera, waiting for a sunrise snap shot at deer among the lily pads. The cry was loud in his ears, so close that the screamer's breath seemed to lift the ripples of the quiet pond. A moment later Will heard a deer rush from the water into the woods. Then he knew what the screaming animal was. At daylight the yelling ceased.

Unarmed and alone, Will was frightened, too, for had he not heard the tales woodmen tell of panthers that hunted men? Long after the sun rose, he started for his boat at the head of Lower Saranac. It was characteristic of the lad that he carefully tested his camera and carried it ready for use all the way.

"Hi come back," he thought, "just as soon's I get a gun."

A mile down, the trail was a little muddy for a dozen feet. Here was the panther's track. Beside the big paw prints were those of a smaller cat—the track of a panther kitten, which accounted for the mother's screaming. The sunlight shone on the tracks, and Will, hoping to preserve a likeness of them, made three exposures of plates. A little way beyond he cut across through the woods for Loon Bay, where he had left his boat.

Of the three plates, one made a good negative, showing two paw prints—one of the old panther, the others of the cub. Will took the plate to the village that afternoon to show Allen what he had done. A number of summer people were buying pictures of local places when the boy entered the store.

"Hello, bub!" greeted Allen. "Why don't you kill that panther the people up the lake are talking about?" "I don't know," answered Will, rather embarrassed. "I saw where she'd been."

"Yes, you did!" said Allen. "Well, say, here's a picture of her tracks," insisted the boy. This was an interesting announcement to the customers,

who wanted to know how and when and where at once.

One of them said: "I've got the best camera I could buy, and I haven't got a good picture with it yet. I'd give it for a photograph of that panther and her cub."

"To what?" asked Will, who had seen the camera while Allen was examining it a few days before.

"Yes!" the man said with a laugh. "You fetch me the picture to my Eagle Island camp, and I'll give you the camera on the spot."

Allen told Will how to use flash-light powder, adding that the panther would make a few good meals of him. But as it happened the flash-light information was not of value that trip.

At daylight the next morning Will was paddling up the lake again, a fresh breeze behind him and six days' rations in his pack, besides three dozen of the best plates he could buy. He intended to get some good woods views at any rate, whether he saw the panthers or not. Moreover, he had a heavy revolver with a stock fastened to it. By noon he was at Ampersand Pond camp. He knew the chances of ever seeing the animals were a thousand to one against him, and then the chance was they would be in poor light. But no matter he would try.

He circled the pond that afternoon, and finding no signs, he went over to White Lily Pond, half a mile distant. In the sand on its shore was a fresh track of the old panther, but not of the cub.

"If only I could find that little one!" thought Will, looking at the rock-studded and tree grown slope of Ampersand Mountain. He returned to camp then, and caught a few trout for supper. At dark he went to sleep, tired out with all the day's work he had done. To tell the story of his patient and systematic search for the panther's lair during the next three days and of the picture he took is not necessary. The fourth day had its reward.

A cliff rises on the south end of Ampersand, and is levelled by a little pond called Teat-Drop, because it is on the face of the mountain. The outlet on the pond flows down a beaver meadow three rods wide and thirty long. On each side is a dense tamarack swamp. The water is a dozen feet across in the meadow, but a mere brook

inches wide, where it leaves the pond. Half-way down the meadow a wide, flat rock rises up to the level of the grass tops. This rock is covered with blueberry bushes eighteen inches high. Will, who had never seen the place before arrived at the upper end of the meadow about ten o'clock in the morning. He started down the outlet to see how large a stream was there. Near the rock he noticed some drops of blood on the grass blades and the tracks of a plunging deer.

"Huh!" he thought. "Somebody's violating the law."

A couple of rods away the animal had fallen, as the matted grass showed. In the mud near by was the imprint of a panther's spread out claws. A glance showed that the deer had been dragged to the top of the rock and covered with sticks and grass.

"Now's my chance!" thought Will. "She's gone for her cub and I'd better hurry."

With that he waded across the outlet up to his hips in water and mud, to set the tripod opposite the rock inconspicuously among some alders. He focused the lens on a twig lying on the deer, got out his extra plate-holders and set down out of sight, the shutter bulb in hand.

He came dashing troops of mosquitoes, black flies and punkies, each individual with a sting of its own. The punkies felt like streaks of fire, the flies crawled along his temples into his eyes, while mosquitoes bored deeper and deeper. But Will had tar-oil with which he kept his face and hand dripping, and so he bore the discomfort. The bit of log on which he sat worked through the crust of alder roots and slowly sunk to the mud in which the boy's feet were already buried. Nevertheless, hours did finally pass.

Every minute had its novelty. Dragonflies swept over the rock, great meat flies gathered at the panther's cache. Shrikes and blue jays hopped among the tree branches coming closer, all eyes for danger. A mink searched in and out among the grass hummocks for sweetmeats it could smell but could not place. The drowsy hum of insects made it sleep a second. Drowning, the watcher was roused by dropping twigs, or a mosquito's attack. At about three o'clock, the shadow of the top twig of a pyramidal balsam showed, and then that of the bare side of the rock. Will watched it climb to the white ice line, over the lichens and moss into the quivering leaves of the bushes. He was worried lest a shadow should cover the panthers when they came. It came after sunset would they stand still long?

These thoughts were suddenly interrupted. A kitten not three feet long came down apparently from the sky on the deer, growling and showing its teeth, trying to look more ferocious than playful. Will's jaw dropped. The sticks covering the deer were clawed aside, and in a moment the kitten was purring at the bloody throat. A low bunch of alders beyond the rock stirred, and the great face of the mother beast rose slowly as she stepped gently to the rock, eyeing her kitten with short glances and the swamp borders with longer ones.

Suddenly she growled low and sharp, stiffening every muscle to the one that showed her teeth. The air currents, buffing to the mink, had warned her of danger. The kitten stopped mauling its prey to lift its head. The old one began to crouch, her claws curling the bushes three feet away as they sank into the roots for a good hold. That was a spectacle that stopped Will's breath and drew his hands in a date, one of them on the rubber bulb. A little creak overhead told him of a forgotten but faithful camera.

The cats heard it, too, and sprang away into the swamp, fluttering the leaves and twigs like birds, leaving a lad weak with excitement, wondering that his hand should have closed at the right moment, and hoping

that the plate would make a good negative.

Never did the way home seem so long to Will as on that day. Toward dusk he felt that behind him was a silent, fire-eyed creeper following him, now to the right side, now to the left, then so close behind that claws seemed about to grip the back of his neck. The breaking twigs under his feet, the rustling of leaves over his head, the dread that was in the air sent him on fast and faster. Time and again he turned to face—nothing that he could see.

It grew darker; the mountains cast deeper shadows. Dusk settled down relentlessly. Something cracked a twig behind him—a veritable something. Will turned and fired with his revolver—once, twice, three times. The echoes died away. A minute passed, then another. From the ridge over which he had come came the panther's cry; again, muffled from the hollow beyond; then, loud and clear, from the foot of the mountain, farther away each time. At last far away, just over the top of Ampersand Mountain a farewell scream.

A few rods farther on his trail was Will's canvas boat. He carried it from its hiding-place to the water of Loon Bay, launched it, and paddled to a rock island, where he ate a good meal by a fire. Then he started down the lake, strong and vigorous once more, singing songs that caused inland camps to listen wondering.

On the next day, Will developed his plates one by one. Two or three were blanks, but the panthers showed up clear above the twigs and leaves.

He carried that plate, as soon as it had dried to the Eagle Island camp, and when he returned, the coveted camera was his own.

Now with the old camera he plays; with the new one he seeks on the beachcombs for the panther's lair, and for the panthers. Will Finch of Northwood, eighty miles over the woods from Saranac Lake, told me that he saw their tracks at Moose River last fall four months after young Manning's adventure.

CHINESE GOOL-FELLOWSHIP.

They Prove Very Faithful to Their Chosen Friends.

Foreigners who have studied the Chinese in a sympathetic manner testify to their devotion to any one, be he native or foreigner, who once gains their confidence; and a story which is told by the author of "China in Transformation" goes a long way toward proving their contentment.

In the last generation complete trust was the rule between the foreign merchants and the American and European traders, and business was transacted in whole ship-loads. The friendly relations then established subsisted for a generation after the destruction of the "factories" in 1856, and the inauguration of the new era, which is of a more individualized and retail character.

One well known survivor of the old regime, an American gentleman Mr. X., had in consequence of the collapse of his firm fallen from a fortune to penury, and was personally much in debt to certain of the representatives of the old "kong-lo."

Seeing that the veteran remained in Canton, never visiting his home and family, his Chinese friend asked him why he denied himself the natural solace of his old age—permanent separation from the family home being specially intolerable to a Chinese,—and guessing the reason, he produced Mr. X.'s note of hand for a large amount, and tore it up before the maker, saying, "Now you are free to go to your home!"

It is not only the Chinese gentleman who is large-hearted. Once upon a time the agent at one of the minor ports for a wealthy firm in Shanghai lived in lordly style. Times changed, and the big firm ceased business. Left stranded, the agent decided to set up for himself and work the connections he had formed among native and foreign merchants.

But the old style of expenditure could not be supported. Summoning his faithful "boy" or butler, he explained the situation to him; impossible to keep up the old expensive style of living, very sorry to part with such a good old servant, and so forth. The boy rose to the occasion in a somewhat surprising manner.

"What for masta too muchee sollee? My too sollee masta no catchee good chance. My like stay this side. Masta how much can pay? (Why is master so sorrowful? I am very sorry that master is not doing well. I should like to stay in master's service. How much can master afford to pay?)"

The master named a sum which was just two thirds of what his house bills had hitherto amounted to. "Muskee, masta; talkee so muchee, can do." (Never mind, master, whatever you say will do.) So said the accommodating serving-man.

So the household proceeded everything exactly as before—table as beautiful, servants as smart and as respectful, but the monthly charge thirty per cent less. A year passed; the new business had been uphill work; the emolument was disappointing. Again the master had to make an explanation to the servant; again the solution of the difficulty was to reduce the establishment.

"Never mind, master; tell me how much

you think you can pay," was the substance of his boy's reply.

The master was seriously taken aback, but he named a figure which was just one-half of what he had originally paid. The boy accepted as cheerfully as before, and the menage proceeded, not a salad leaf or a partridge or a mushroom the less; only the cost was reduced to very modest proportions.

Of course it is open to remark that the wily Chinaman had been extortionate in the old time; but what elasticity of accommodation, what practical devotion in misfortune!

A STORY OF DANIEL BOONE.

In his book, "The Early History of Western Pennsylvania," Mr. I. D. Rapp tells an interesting anecdote of Col. Daniel Boone, which is characteristic of the humor and coolness of the famous pioneer. He was once resting in the woods with a small party of followers, when a large number of Indians came suddenly upon them. Boone had little doubt as to their hostile intentions, but giving no evidence of his fears, he invited the red men to eat with him and his friends.

The invitation was accepted. The Indians felt so sure of their prey that they could afford to wait. Boone, effecting a careless nonchalance which he did not feel, admonished his men in an undertone to keep their hands on their rifles.

Finally he rose and strolled towards the Indians, unarmed, leisurely picking the meat from a bone. The Indian chief rose to meet him.

After saluting, Boone professed admiration for the knife with which the chief was cutting his meat, and asked to see it. The Indian promptly handed it to him; and the pioneer, who possessed some skill a knight of hand, deliberately examined the knife, then opened his mouth and apparently swallowed it.

The Indians stared in amazement while Boone gulped, rubbed his throat, stroked his body, and then, with apparent satisfaction, pronounced the knife "very good to eat."

After enjoying the surprise of the Indians for a minute, he made another contention, and drawing forth the knife, he politely returned it to its owner.

The old chief took the point cautiously and suspiciously between his thumb and finger as if fearful of being contaminated by handling the weapon, and flung it from him into the bushes.

The Indians seemed uneasy after that, and very soon marched away, without discovering their hostile intent. They did not choose to molest a man who could swallow a scalping-knife and call it "good to eat."

PROGRESSIVE ECONOMY.

An old bookkeeper declares that it is surprising to see how many valuable things a man can buy if he simply economizes in little things.

"I once made up my mind I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: When I felt like eating a fifty-cent luncheon, as I often did, I ate a twenty-five cent one instead, and put the other quarter aside for my watch fund. You will hardly believe it, but in less than six months I had saved money enough to purchase the watch."

"But you don't seem to have purchased it," said his friend, observing that there were no outward signs of such a purchase.

"Well, no. When I found how easily I could get along without fifty-cent lunches I concluded I could get along just as easily without the gold watch, and the watch fund is growing into a house and lot fund now."

Tommy (aged 4)—Mamma, may I go out and play in the street now?

Mamma—What! You want to go out and play with that big hole in your jacket?

Tommy—No, mamma; I only want to play with the little boy next door.

BORN.

Caledonia, Nov. 1, to the wife of B. Harlow, a son.

Brookton, Oct. 28, to the wife of George Daniels, a son.

Hill Brook, Nov. 1, to the wife of Capt. Everett, a son.

Douchester, Nov. 1, to the wife of J. Murray, a son.

Berwick, Nov. 2, to the wife of Geo. Woodworth, a son.

Boston, Oct. 3, to the wife of Arthur Hayes, a daughter.

St. John, Nov. 12, to the wife of J. Napier, a daughter.

Middleton, Nov. 2, to the wife of E. Bentley, a daughter.

Kenyonville, Nov. 1, to the wife of Dr. Saunders, a daughter.

St. John, Nov. 11, to the wife of Joseph Chisholm, a daughter.

East Manchester, Oct. 26, to the wife of D. Cummings, a son.

Dalhousie, Nov. 6, to the wife of Jas. Hansman, twins, boy and girl.

MARRIED.

Campbell, Oct. 31, by Rev W H Street, Basil Lank to Mrs May Gleave.

Casterville, Annapolis Co, Nov 7, C L Pigott to Lillian A Messenger.

Hebron, Oct. 31, by Rev Edwin Crowell, Fred Crowell to Annie A Moses.

Woolville, Oct. 31, by Rev T A Higgins, James Christie to Mary Brown.

Hallifax, Oct. 31, by Rev Z L Fash, Charles B Bentley to Edna B McDonald.

St John Nov 12, by Rev F J McMurray, Patrick Ryan to Gilda Drummond.

Matland, Oct. 31, by Rev F J Fentlow, Jesse O Harris to Estella Wenzell.

Hebron, Nov. 3, by Rev Duane Himeon, Harvey A Chisholm to Annie Critch.

Yarmouth, N S, Nov 7, by Rev W F Parker, William T White to Julia H Smith.

Weymouth, N S, Nov 6, by Rev Turner, L D Moody Muller to Lydia Muller.

Charleston, S C, Oct 4, by Rev Raymond Holway, Frank Wolfe to Annie De El.

Fox Creek N B, Oct 22, by Rev D Lezer, Ferdinand B Bourgeois to Agnes Richard.

Youngs Cove, Nov 1, by Rev H Howe, William Augustus Bailey to Josephine Clayton.

Boston, Nov 1, by Rev Charles L Pace, James Hartley Hubert to Nellie F Andrews.

Mostagan, E I, Nov 9, by Rev R F Whiston John W Campbell to Jessie E Campbell.

Fairview, St John Co, N Y 7, by Rev Alfred Barham, Henry Adolphus McDonough to Ella May Briggs.

DIED.

Hallifax, Nov. 7, F. Upton.

Boston, Oct. 28, George Saxton 79.

Hallifax, Nov. 3, James Currier, 63.

Hallifax, Nov. 9, Edward Harris, 83.

Westport, Oct. 23, Urbans S. Tins, 16.

Hallifax, Nov. 12, Catherine Poye, 63.

Hallifax, Nov. 6, George Oimston, 37.

Hallifax, Nov. 7, Michael Connors, 82.

Nictaux, Nov. 6, Albert Boush, 19.

Keegan, Nov. 6, Jeremiah Collins, 71.

Hamit, Nov. 12, Mr. W T Scribner.

Yarmouth, Nov. 10, Rupert Kato Olive, 26.

Amherst, Nov. 7, Mrs. James Widman, 61.

Winnipeg, Nov. 11, Mary, wife of Charles F. Tuck, Clark's Harbor, Nov. 1, Mr. Benjamin Nickerson, 87.

Harrington Passage, Nov. 3, Miss Marie Hichens, 74.

Castigo, Costa Rica, Oct. 16, Henry Spurr DeBios, 48.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov. 8, Mrs. John Andrews, 44.

Yarmouth, Oct. 27, Josephine, daughter of Horace S. Boush.

Grand Falls, Nov. 3, Victoria, wife of Peter G. Fraser, 61.

Albany, Oct. 10, Stella May, daughter of Phineas Whitman, 30.

St. John, Nov. 10, Jane, daughter of the late Robert Francis.

New York, Nov. 6, Jessie Amelia, widow of the late Geo. Salter, 80.

Three Fathoms Harbor, Nov. 8, Pluibe C, wife of J. C. E. Thomas, 31.

Pleasant View, Harris county, Nov. 9, Melinda, wife of Joseph Masor.

Southey, E. Island, Oct. 19, Sarah N, wife of the late William M Taylor.

Moncton, Nov. 9, Fannie Laura, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Macdonald.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, hemorrhages and ulceration of womb, painful suppression and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements from some of the most prominent physicians of the world, sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

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Intercolonial Railway. On and after June 18th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Suburban for Hampton, 6.30. Express for Campbellton, Eggleston, Pictou, and Halifax, 7.15. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 7.45. Accommodations for Moncton and Pictou, 8.15. Express for Sussex, 8.45. Express for Pictou, 9.15. Express for Quebec, Montreal, 9.45. Express for Halifax and Sydney, 10.15. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.45 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sydney and Halifax, 6.00. Suburban from Hampton, 6.15. Express from Sussex, 6.30. Express from Quebec and Montreal, 6.45. Accommodations from Moncton, 7.15. Express from Halifax, 7.45. Express from Hampton, 8.15. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Montreal, N. B., June 15, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 100 King Street St. John, N. B.